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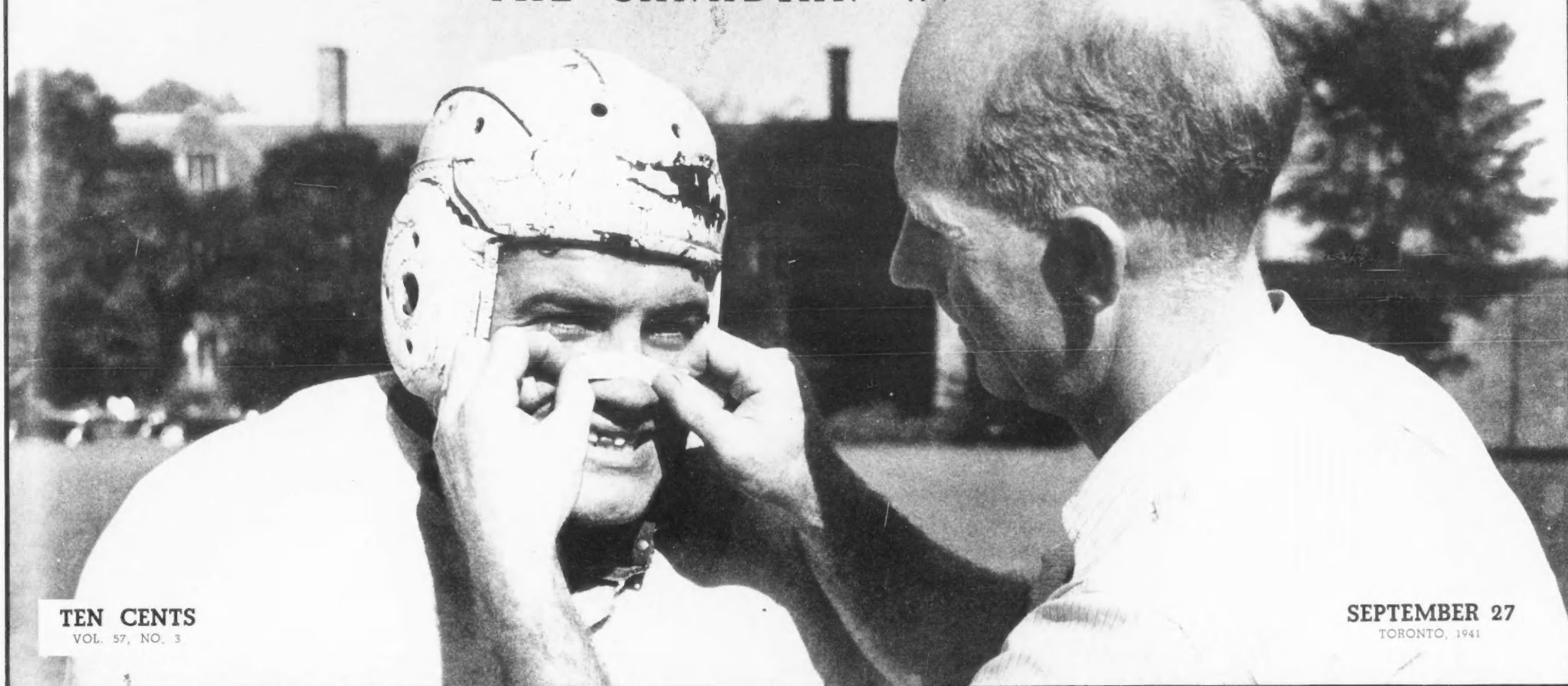
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What To Do With Germany

BY DONALD C. MacDONALD
SEE PAGE TEN

SATURDAY NIGHT

THE CANADIAN WEEKLY



TEN CENTS
VOL. 57, NO. 3

SEPTEMBER 27
TORONTO, 1941

ARGONAUT TRAINER JOE CARRUTHERS TAPES HALFBACK PELC'S NOSE. FOR A PRE-SEASON GLIMPSE OF TORONTO'S SENIOR RUGBY TEAMS SEE PAGES 4 & 5

WITH the serious turn of the struggle in

Russia the *Times* and other British newspapers have made a strong appeal for a British diversion which would provide immediate relief for our allies. Many arguments may be advanced against a major expedition across the Channel. Britain's army is not "ready" yet. It has had to be almost rebuilt in the year and a quarter since Dunkirk, and during much of that period, for reasons of bare survival, her navy and air force had to come first.

There is the grave risk of another Dunkirk, should the Germans win a big victory in Russia and shift powerful forces to the west. Then the season is far advanced. We couldn't hope to put on a victory drive this year, and why send men over there just in time to dig in for the winter? It is doubtful if we have paratroopers trained in sufficient numbers to seize, in conjunction with sea landing parties, the strongly defended aerodromes and beaches across the Channel. And, perhaps the biggest objection of all, we are just at our low point in shipping, and the supplying of such an expedition would be a heavy and dangerous task.

These are some of the risks of action. But there are the risks of inaction, of allowing Russia, with her millions of doughty fighting men able to occupy over half of Hitler's forces, to fail for lack of active support. Can we be so sure that if Russia should lose all of her big western cities, except possibly Moscow, with the industries of Leningrad and the Ukraine and some 75-100 millions of population, she would carry on, with the aid of a wing of the R.A.F.? What use might the Germans not make under such conditions of the propaganda that "Britain is ready to fight to the last Russian"? And besides the danger of Russia falling there is the danger of allowing the present wave of resistance to Hitler throughout Europe, occupied and allied, to fade for lack of timely support. If it did, it would not be easy to revive it.

Hitler has seen to it that the sending of direct aid to Russia must be a slow and difficult process, which cannot become properly effective until next spring. In the meantime the question is one of relieving her indirectly. If we are not ready for a major landing across the Channel, and find the problem of providing

Stop the Strikes

LAST week in Washington Mr. Will Lawther, president of the Mine Workers' Federation of Great Britain, told reporters that British workers have voluntarily surrendered the right to strike in wartime, and that management, also for the duration, has renounced the right to discharge employees. The British miners feel, said Mr. Lawther, that "to strike during wartime would be nothing less than treason." And Britain is the home of freedom and workers' rights.

Not even the British have a greater instinct for freedom than the people of Canada. Ordinarily no people are less disposed to submit to regimentation or any form of coercion. Nevertheless a considerable majority of Can-

adians today—as evidenced by news reports and editorials in the press, by polls of public opinion and by opinions expressed by individuals in almost every walk of life—believe that it is the duty of the Government to put an end to strikes in war industries, and to use whatever means are necessary to that end. For months past this country has suffered interruptions of the production of vital war industries that have lessened shipments of munitions to Britain and delayed the outfitting of our own fighting services. That is bad enough, but it now becomes an impossible situation in view of the new demands on our production made by the needs of hard-pressed Russia.

Mr. Ilsley, Minister of Finance, said something last week which all parties to industrial disputes might well ponder, when he told the Canadian Chamber of Commerce convention at the Seignior Club that "We must work hard and long, but have little for ourselves to show for it; we must be content to take part of our wages and our profits in victory. We cannot afford either living as usual or business as usual until the war is over and victory achieved."

Strike-minded workers, employers and the Department of Labor must now all be governed by the fact that the needs of the war take precedence of all ordinary considerations, and that war production must be maintained and enlarged even though hardship and perhaps even temporary injustice is suffered by individuals.

Duke's and Butcher's Sons

MR. BEVERLEY BAXTER gave some offence when he recently undertook to instruct Canadians as to how they should think on the question of conscription. He also revealed a faulty understanding of the nature of democracy which is not uncommon even among men of considerable political experience. Conscription, said Mr. Baxter, has been the biggest democratic influence in Britain in a decade, because "the duke's son and the butcher's son stand side by side in the ranks." This is a charming and sentimental picture, but it has nothing to do with democracy, for

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A Regent Street Restaurant Grows Tomatoes to Pad Out Englishmen's War Menus

THESE trim, pretty waitresses are snipping tomatoes off plants which are growing outside one of the Kardomah restaurants on Regent Street in the heart of London's West End. The shapeless bulk of building in the left background is Broadcasting House with its entrance on Portland Place. The spired building in the centre background is All Souls Church which has occupied its site since 1822.

Today Britons are letting out their belts a notch as food supplies from this Continent grow in volume and are helped on their way by the United States Navy.

But a brief four months ago, in June, Englishmen, for the first time since the start of this war, were eating more poorly than Germans. At that time civilian food consumption was 37 per cent less than normal. Onions had become so rare as to be literally worth their weight in gold: late in May of this year, in War Weapons Week, a basket of onions was auctioned off for \$137,532—something like \$12,000 per onion.

Sole was selling at 90 cents per pound. Fresh asparagus was \$2.10 per bunch. Peaches were \$1.50 each. Strawberries cost \$8.40 per box, or about 4 strawberries for 50 cents.

Since England went on rations, there has

grown up one of the cruellest rackets in the world: foodlegging. Truckloads of food are hijacked, labels are altered, shopkeepers and restaurateurs are threatened.

Long ago the Food Ministry organized flying squads of food inspectors to hunt down food racketeers, and in the first three months of this year, 5,077 convictions were secured.

Last week out of England came the announcement that the hunt was to be intensified and the penalties multiplied. Characterizing the food racket as "of great magnitude," the announcement said that the black market has operated both with stolen goods and through shadow corporations.

Such companies have done a business reaching into hundreds of thousands of pounds per year and have eaten into the stocks which have been built up as a reserve against invasion.

At first glance there is a kind of blasphemous humor about this picture: proud Britons growing tomatoes in Regent Street! But to Britons this is deadly grim business; a part of the fight to survive. As one returning American remarked after a prolonged stay in England: "The British can take it from the bombers, but I doubt if they can stand empty bellies."

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Confide in the People

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

CRITICISM of its government is one of the major prerogatives of a democratic people; it is in fact the basic difference between democracy and any form of authoritarian or totalitarian government. Without such criticism (based upon real, fancied or induced complaints), there would be no change of government, no party system and, we like to believe, little or no progress in public services and the general social welfare of the country.

If we are to carry on throughout this war without any change in the parliamentary system, how best can the government insure the greatest measure of mental and actual co-operation by all adherents of all parties and stripes? Obviously only by voluntarily and quickly removing so far as is possible all indications that it is acting from any but disinterested, non-partisan motives; and by concurrently giving the public the fullest, most explicit information and reasons respecting its actions.

Has this been done? Has Mr. King's Cabinet told us clearly and unequivocally the extent of our needs for our own protection? Have they informed us of the nature and extent, not only of our present war services but of what we are now faced with and what we require to do before the war can be won? Have they done everything possible to assure us that they are guarding Canada and not merely the Liberal party? I think not.

Assuming, as I think we may fairly do, that the King government is at least as capable as any other party could provide, and rightly or wrongly assuming also that the Opposition both in and out of the House is primarily concerned with the most effectual prosecution of the war effort, what is the cause of the bitter disparagement of the present regime? There is no point in trying to abolish the criticism by ignoring it. If it is well founded it must be answered by correction of the abuse complained of. If it is not well founded, the truth should prevail.

Without entering upon a catalogue of Mr. King's alleged misdeeds, a typical instance may suffice. I refer to the vexing matter of the raising of any army and its attendant "familiar"—Conscription.

It seems to me that the advocacy of conscription is based upon our apparent need of an army and the equally apparent difficulty of getting enough men by voluntary enlistment. I say "apparent" need because the search for volunteers goes on and on. Now either we need an army of four, five, or six hundred thousand men—that is to the full extent of the capabilities of the country—or we don't need any army at all. It makes no difference whether that army is needed at home or in England or on the Continent of Europe. If it is to be of sufficient size to be a worthwhile factor in the defence of Canada in the event of invasion, or to help defend England against invasion, or for whatever purpose, it must be more than a "token" army—and that is all we have now or are likely to get by the present methods of recruiting. My complaint is that Mr. King has never told the people of this country what we need what we must have by way of an army. The attitude seems to be that if any young men wish to join the active army they will be trained, may eventually be sent to England, and may perhaps (though this is not at all clear) be of some slight service to their country.

Perhaps there is no need for any more men than are enlisting. Perhaps we could not train and equip them in greater numbers; perhaps the raising of any army is just for home consumption, there being no real need for anything more than a nominal compliance with the call to arms. Perhaps and perhaps . . . who knows? Whoever does know, it is

not the Canadian public. This much we do know; that concurrently with the refusal to raise an army by conscription goes on a costly, disheartening, and at times outrageous effort to get volunteers, as witness the disgraceful methods used to "influence" the trainees to "volunteer."

If Mr. King wants Canadians to have confidence in him, he should confide in them.

Toronto, Ont. E. A. R. Neway.

Man-Hours and Kilowatts

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

MR. CAMPBELL'S letter on man-hours and kilowatts is interesting, but contains several misleading ideas. Anyhow his scheme is admittedly revolutionary, in that it proposes to do away with the *splitting* both of labor-hours and of the products of labor, and replace it by a system under which the state, apparently by the exercise of its sovereign power, will collect and apply the labor-hours of all the citizens, and distribute the products of those labor-hours, on principles laid down by itself. I doubt if he realizes the difficulty of carrying out even this distribution of products, to say nothing of the difficulty of seeing that everybody delivers his appropriate quota of labor-hours. Of course, if there is really no other way of getting the work done and the people supplied, we must face these difficulties and do the best we can. But I doubt whether it is as bad as that.

For one thing, Mr. Campbell is only right to the extent that a kilowatt-hour of electricity will do the *purely mechanical* work of 13 man-hours, more or less. It is precisely for that reason that the man who can do nothing but purely mechanical work is becoming practically useless like the horse. One of the tasks in which our society has grievously failed is that of seeing that all its citizens are brought up to be able to do something more than mere muscular labor, because mere muscular labor, without skill or intelligence, is no longer worth doing; it is not worth what it costs to keep the laborer alive, to say nothing of maintaining his family. But if there is, outside of depression times, a real superfluity of skilled and intelligent labor we have yet to see the signs of it. The truth is that North Americans are a muscular-labor people who have lived into a skilled labor era without adjusting themselves to it.

Montreal, Que. TECHNOMOLE.

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THE FRONT PAGE

(Continued from Page One)

democracy is not sentimental, but realistic. Democracy demands that the duke's son and the butcher's son be in the positions for which their talents best fit them, and these may not necessarily be in the ranks or, even in time of war, in the army at all.

There is always a tendency to regard conscription not merely as an equitable and expeditious way of raising an army, but as a levelling process. Democracy has nothing to do with levelling; it is (or attempts to be) a form of government under which every man may attain to the position for which his talents fit him. Britain and Canada both profess this social faith and, within the limits of human fallibility, it works.

It is by no means uncommon for Canadians who have chosen to live in Britain to find that they cannot understand the complex social organization of that country, and when this happens they are very apt to become champions of some vague 'levelling' process which would resolve their problem and restore their happiness. Mrs. Garfield Weston gave us an example of this about a year ago; is Mr. Baxter a victim of the same complaint? Why else should he talk about duke's sons and butcher's sons to Canadians who are unlikely to be the former, and experience no sense of unworthiness if they are the latter?

Mr. Baxter is a Canadian by birth, but he has chosen to live in England and has become an M.P. there. At present there is plenty to occupy British M.P.'s in their own country.

Hitler's Hold on Europe

THE French are recovering from the state of mind which brought about their defeat last year, and the shock which followed it. Day by day the clash with the occupation authorities becomes more sanguinary. At first the Germans exacted the lives of three Frenchmen for every German killed, thinking apparently that more severe reprisals would set the whole country ablaze while greater leniency would have set too low a price on German blood.

This fine calculation has not worked. The Germans are now adding to the thousands of arrested "Communists and Jews" hostages from every group and class in occupied France. They have jacked the ratio up to twelve Frenchmen for one German, and threaten that anyone at all in Paris may be seized and executed if the attacks continue. But hope in ultimate victory appears to have at last conquered fear among the French, and the prospect is that further shootings on the one side will only produce more on the other.

In the rest of Europe resistance varies from the "cold shoulder" of the Danes to the fierce guerrilla warfare of the Yugoslavs. The real military value of the latter was shown when the Germans recently had to send ten thousand additional troops to Belgrade, and when Rome admitted that 1500 Italians had been killed or wounded on occupation duty in Yugoslavia in the month of August alone. Mountainous Montenegro is said to be ruled entirely by the insurgents. Quislingist storm troopers are ambushed while marching in the very streets of Zagreb. But perhaps the best story of guerrilla activity yet to come out of Europe is of a band of Serbs who seized a German anti-aircraft gun and proceeded to shoot down three Nazi planes with it.

The heroic Greeks still hide hundreds of British and Australians left behind last April. In Norway the Germans plainly fear a rising of the whole population behind them in the event of a British landing, and are hastening to get the country firmly in hand. The Dutch and the Belgians infuriate their masters by their nationwide non-co-operation, and particularly by standing in the streets and cheering the R.A.F. A Nazi provincial paper in Poland admits that Germans don't dare go out alone at night. From silent Czechoslovakia come occasional reports of sabotaged oil and arms shipments, and terrible German reprisals.

Not does the tale end with the occupied countries. Germany's own Austrian "brothers" chalk up V's, listen to the BBC and are executed for subversive activities. Finland says she is only allied "by accident" to Germany, and having achieved her own objective is not interested in fighting on for Germany's. Roumania



QUICK! GIMME A GUN!

has had more than enough, and the shooting of her generals for saying so will not keep her forever in the war. Reports leak out of Hungary of increasing opposition to the war. Travellers from Bulgaria say it is very questionable if these people can be made to fight against the Russians.

Hitler's grip on Europe is slowly but surely slackening. Successes in Russia which bring neither booty nor an end to the campaign no longer impress either victims or allies, while active American intervention and the growing might of the R.A.F. bring a swelling hope that the pattern of the last war will be repeated and Germany, after winning all the victories, will lose the war.

Germany's Future

ELSEWHERE in this issue Mr. Donald C. MacDonald, taking exception to the ideas of another SATURDAY NIGHT contributor, Mr. Jack Anders, expounds the Otto Strasser view concerning the future of Germany, and upholds the Strasser thesis that a political structure of the federation type in Germany would be sufficient to guarantee the future peacefulness of that now unhappy, Mars-ridden and universally hated country. With the argument that a federation form of government is highly unsuited to aggressive warfare nobody is likely to disagree. But there is rather a large jump between that safe assumption and the further assumption that a country provided with a federation form of government will never go in for aggressive warfare. It may have to rid itself of its form of government first, but that presents no difficulty. It is not so much a matter of the fundamental laws as of the spirit in which they are worked.

If "our side" in this conflict, when victorious, is going to set up a constitution in Germany that suits its ideas and then go away and leave it to function without any outside supervision, we are not at all convinced that our victory in this war will be any more decisive than our victory in the last one. We hold that whatever League of Nations or other super-national body is set up after this war will have to exercise a certain amount of supervision over the internal behavior of individual nations; and it follows that the nations belonging to it will have to accept that amount of supervision over their own internal behavior as well as Germany's, Russia's and Turkey's. That principle was indeed assumed in the old League of Nations, in the restrictions imposed regarding the treatment of minorities; but it was never accepted and never acted upon, and if we are not mistaken Canada was among the first nations to make clear that any outside interference with our treatment of minorities would be violently objected to. We were not then, and possibly are not now, ready to modify our concept of the absolute nature of sovereignty; and in our defence it has to be admitted that the authority to which it was then proposed to hand over this small fraction

of our sovereign power was very ill designed and equipped to perform the task.

The present point, however, is simply this: that if the Germans after this war continue to allow themselves to be led by persons whose aim is to use them for the conquest of the world, they will manage to organize for that purpose under any form of government that may be set up for them. It will be the business of a super-national authority to see that they do not so organize; and that task will be continuous, and will not be a matter of merely providing them with a "harmless" constitution. If there had been a super-national authority capable of performing the very moderate and reasonable degree of intervention involved in telling the Germans that they could not throw German citizens out upon the world merely because they were Jews, there would never have been a Nazi government nor a 1939 war.

Not All Quiet

EVERY day we read in the newspapers of new deeds of sabotage by the brave inhabitants of countries under Nazi domination and when these are taken as a whole they give a gratifying picture of growing anti-German action. In France the underground newspapers *La France Libre* and *L'Humanité* and in Belgium *La Libre Belgique* are widely circulated. Even within Germany *Die Rote Fahne* is distributed and the Gestapo are unable to stop it. In Bulgaria three trains were derailed during the first ten days of August last. In Slovakia there have been many mysterious fires in government buildings; Czech workers in the Skoda works in Pilsen keep that plant producing less than 60% of its potential capacity. In July last twelve trains were wrecked in Czechoslovakia. Twelve factories in Holland closed in June last because sabotage had wrecked their machines. We all know what has been going on in Norway. In France the Citroen plant, the Bloch aviation works, and the Schneider-Creusot armament plant are continually harried by saboteurs. And everywhere the hateful "V" sign appears. In Canada we have made "V" the subject of a silly fad, but in Europe it is a symbol of man's indomitable spirit.

Despite all this, the Nazis are still able to tell the German people that all is quiet on the Western Front. And why? Because the Allies have not yet established any Western Front beyond the English Channel. The demand in Britain that this should be done, and that the advantage afforded us by the great Russian battle should not be allowed to slip is great and is increasing. The London papers are clamorous on the subject. The *Sunday Express*, the *Evening Standard*, the *News Chronicle*, the *Daily Mail* and even the mighty *Times* have asked with varying degrees of asperity why nothing is being done. All is not quiet on the Western Front, but there is one step still to be taken to acquaint the German people with that fact.

THE PASSING SHOW

A FINNISH minister said last week that Finland was an ally of Germany "only by accident." But after all nobody would become an ally of Hitler for fun.

Mexico has ousted all German "tourists." It seems they were doing too much site-seeing.

The New York *Times* reports that Italy would rather be a British colony than a German one. There's a tradition of self-government in the British colonies.

SELF-REPROACH

Was ever a trade more degrading
Than the writing of humorous verse?
What fellow of valor and spirit
Would deign to approach or come near it?
He would stoop first to opium trading
Or drawing a funeral hearse,
Before he'd be funny for money,
And giggle to fatten his purse.

A British woman corporal has been reduced to the ranks for walking out on her unit. Even a woman's most treasured prerogative is no longer sacred in Britain.

A labor leader of London, Canada, claims that Adrian Arcand has been preaching Fascism at Petawawa. But no Nazi bombers have as yet dropped coals on Newcastle.

More British bombs are being dropped on Germany now than German bombs on Britain, according to the air ministry. And it is more blessed to give than to receive.

TRIBUTE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS

I marvel at those wedding groups
Which from the social pages stare;
How quaint the bridegroom's parents are!
How fatuous seem the happy pair!

How cross-eyed is the little page
Who bravely bears the bridal train;
The groomsman's ears—how large they are!
The bridesmaid—what a look of pain!

Hail to the photographic art
Which, by inverted alchemy,
Can make the prettiest wedding seem
A thing of blood and tears to me!

Herbert Hoover recently told a Chicago audience that Hitler's regime in Europe can't survive. Unfortunately the captain seems bent on dragging the ship down with him.

The Free French have given Roosevelt a large and ferocious gorilla. They are preparing to give Hitler a large and ferocious guerrilla war.

La Guardia is urging American factory managers to take steps against air-raids. One way would be to increase the production of war materials for Britain.

WISELY SHE CHOSE

Sometimes Lucinda drops in for a chat
Groomed to a hair, in a ravishing hat

Looking like something from Harper's Bazaar
Remote from my prosaic life as a star.

She married for money, I married for love
And now, with a well-bred restraint, she
boasts of

How wise was her choice; and while I agree
Somehow I feel that she's jealous of me!

MAY RICHSTONE.

Domei, Japanese news agency, asserts that Britain and the United States are afraid of a two-ocean war. But we can't help noticing that that fixed Japanese grin has recently been disturbed by the chattering of teeth.

In answer to a Russian protest Bulgaria claims that her recent military measures are "purely precautionary." Apparently somebody thinks Russia has a chance to win.

Beverley Baxter predicts a noisy winter for Britain. Nor will "Heil Hitler" be the only sound in Germany this winter.

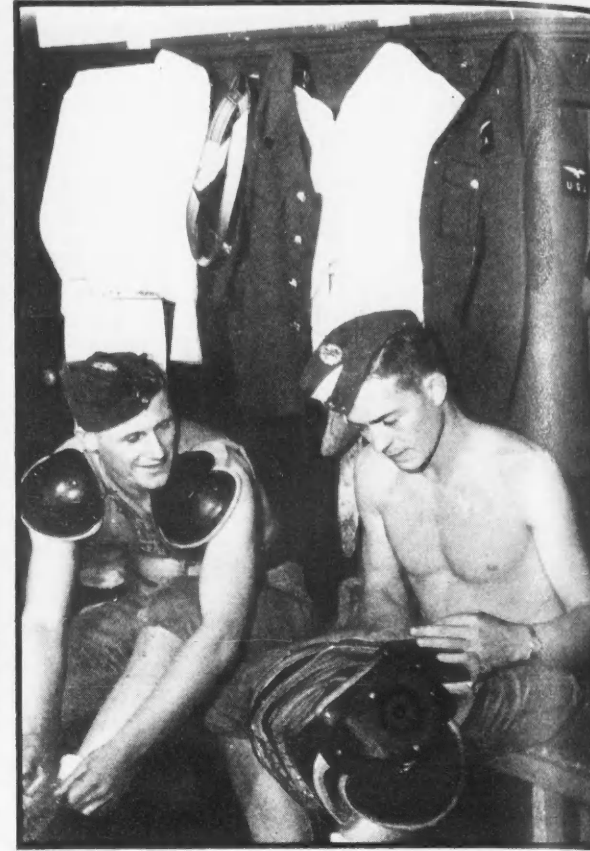
Argonaut Rugby Team in Strenuous Training . . .



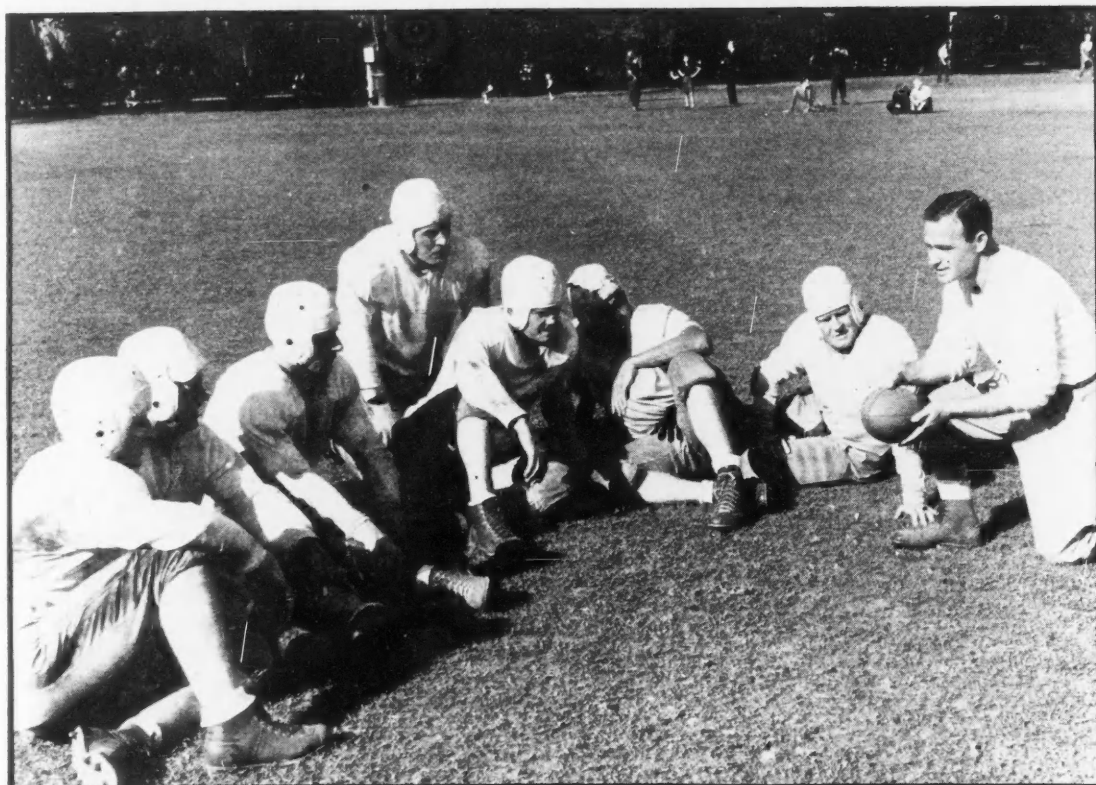
Joe Carruthers tapes "Butch" Alison's bad shoulder



Notice the improved protective gear worn by Middle Wing Les Ascott



The R.C.A.F. invades the Argonaut dressing room



Coach Lou Hayman drills a squad in ball handling, registers his annual kick against fumbles



Part of the squad relaxes after a heavy Saturday afternoon scrimmage on the Varsity campus

AT 11 o'clock this Saturday morning, September 27, some fifty or sixty muscle-hardened athletes will sit down to a meal consisting of a huge steak, dry toast, a cup of tea or glass of milk. When they eat again they will have opened up the 1941 Rugby Season and decided the winner of the Argonaut-Balm Beach game leading to the championship of the so-called "Big Four League" which has as its other members teams from Ottawa and Montreal.

Fifteen thousand sport-loving Torontonians will pack the grand stand and bleachers of Varsity stadium on Bloor Street, scene of many a gridiron battle of the past and stepping stone to rugby's hall of fame for such greats as Lawson, Snyder, Conacher, Sinclair, Batstone, Leadley and many another.

When this year's crop of players runs out onto the field, few of the spectators, who have come to see sixty minutes of one of the toughest he-man sports there is, will realize the days or arduous training put in by these boys to condition themselves for gridiron combat.

Training started for them in mid-August. At that time a mob of fifty to seventy-five ambitious candidates presented themselves to the coaches of each team. They were given a uniform and from the first day they went out to practice they stood or fell upon their ability to stand the gaff of pre-season training. Starting out slowly at first with easy exercises, the training pace, as its tempo increased, weeded out the weaker hopefuls, some by their own volition and others by kindly suggestion.

The tougher ones carry on through the first few weeks every evening from 5.30 on and on Saturday afternoons, going through a curriculum of exercises such as jog-trotting, push-ups, duckwalking and leap-frogging to strengthen leg and body muscles. Then as training advances, they practice pivoting, sidestepping, tackling and bucking on a bucking machine. By this time there are about thirty men left on the squad, enough to make up two teams for scrimmage practice and the final selections for the program printer.

Each day after practice the boys have one training meal together provided by the club. A typical menu includes roast beef, roast lamb or chicken, rice or custard pudding—but no pie. This year some of the

boys have been used to training meals because they have already had months in the army, but still their love for rugby has brought them back into civilian sporting activities for the season.

Last Saturday afternoon we stood on the back campus of the University of Toronto with "Joe" Carruthers watching the Argonaut team go through its scrimmage paces. Mr. Carruthers, who has spent the past twenty-four years with the University of Toronto as trainer of their rugby and hockey teams, is now on loan to the Argonaut Club until Varsity resumes intercollegiate competition.

Between running back and forth from the sidelines to the centre of play to administer aid to one or another of the team temporarily winded by a particularly hard tackle, Mr. Carruthers had time to tell us something about the game—what makes it click with both players and sporting fans.

BECAUSE "Joe" has had hundreds of football players pass through his hands and has come to know them intimately, we asked him just what it was that urged a young man to want to play the game in the first place. Why, we pressed him, did they want to go out on a field, sun-baked hard one week, mud- or snow-covered the next, and allow themselves to be battered about like so many punching bags so the comfortable people in the grandstand could obtain a pleasant Saturday afternoon's entertainment. Sheer love of the game, said Mr. Carruthers—the same reason some people like to play bridge—the competitive spirit, the thrill of downing an opponent, of proving superior.

Possibly here and there could be found subsidiary causes. Some of the boys might like the notoriety and publicity they get, the thrill of seeing their picture and achievements in print. Some in business might see advantage to them in the opportunity it gave to meet new people and the prestige a successful rugby career added unto themselves.

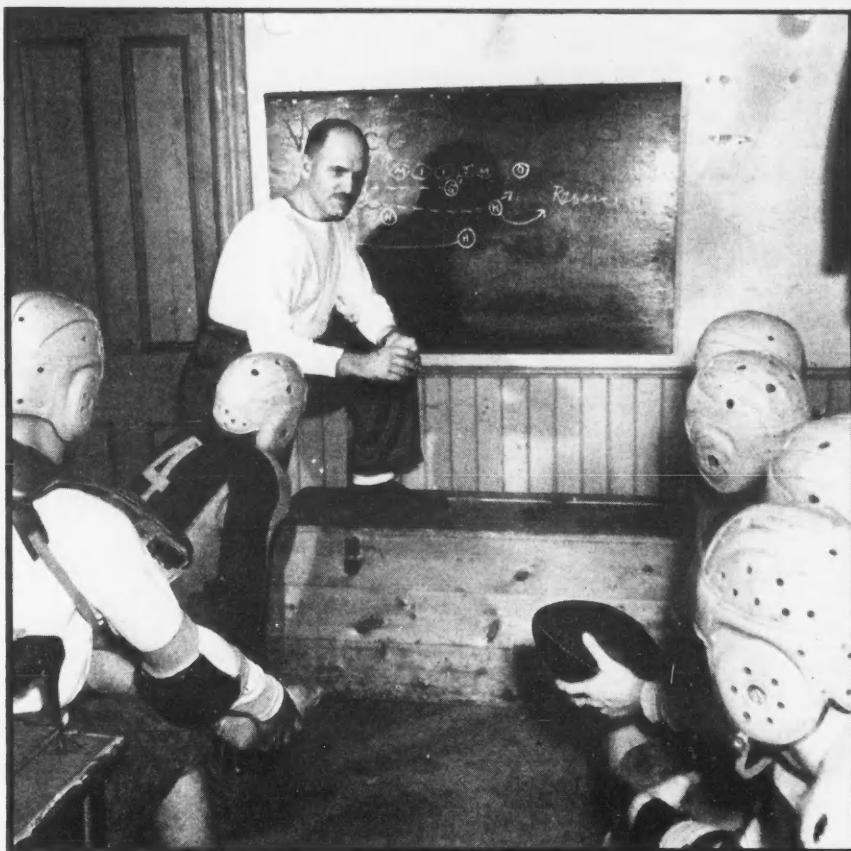
If you are over twenty-two and have never played the game before—don't think of starting now. All those players you see battling each other on the gridiron have been playing the game for years, from public and high school days.

Story by Harold Sutherland

... To Open Season Against Tough Balmy Beach



An assistant trainer binds a player's weak ankles



Alex Ponton "The Whispering Mentor" conducts an all-important chalk talk



Charlie the ball boy is Balmy's proudest member

Average age of the Argonaut team this year, according to "Joe" is twenty-three years. Usually it runs around twenty-two. But because of the war and many of the younger men having been called into the service, older players (those old men who have yet to see thirty) have decided to don their uniforms for another year when they had looked forward to a life of retirement.

Your weight too, that's important. If you yearn to play on the line, you must have one hundred and ninety pounds, over two hundred is better. The backfield players, who must have speed as well as stamina, to provide the striking force, are, as a rule, lads weighing around one hundred and sixty to one hundred and sixty-five pounds.

And speaking about weight, there has been radical changes made in the uniforms of players in the past few years. Instead of the heavy duck material that used to be worn, pants are now made of silk or rayon material with a fibrous padding which is light in weight but giving plenty of protection to vulnerable spots. So streamlined has equipment become that it now weighs, boots and all, only about twelve pounds on a dry field.

BECAUSE of the nature of the game, people marvel that more players are not seriously injured. Yet, according to Mr. Carruthers, there are no more casualties in this sport than in most others, hockey for example. There have been no really serious injuries in senior games since the time about twenty-five years or so ago when "Glad" Murphy died from a broken neck. A year or so ago a player on a university faculty team died during a game, but it was found he had suffered a head concussion a year before and perhaps should not have been playing again.

"Most injuries result from players not being in proper condition," said Mr. Carruthers. "The senior teams recognize the importance of conditioning. Much of their training period is spent in just putting the boys in shape. Lack of this foresight is cause for many injuries to boys in high school. They forget that they can't bust into the regular playing season and play a game without first being conditioned physically for the adventure. 'Big Four' teams start to condition their men over a month

before the opening game and most of the boys have had rugby in their minds all summer, arriving at initial practice in very good shape.

Making the team, there's the rub. What a task the coach must have to select his best material from a group of thirty-five or forty eager youngsters the week before the start of the schedule. His must be the wisdom of a Solomon, the tact of a diplomat. At the same time he must be a master psychologist in the handling of men. Some players give of their best when they are being driven and almost bullied by a coach; others, like prima donnas, display temperament and must be directed by subtle suggestion before they will respond with all they have. When the day of the first game arrives, a weary coach will have selected thirty men for his team. This is his limit, and of that number he can have twenty-two in uniform.

WHAT do you consider, we asked "Joe," the most thrilling event that you ever witnessed in rugby. The peak thrill came in 1930, during the game to decide the intercollegiate championship between Varsity and Queen's. Queen's was leading by only one point—but it was a big point as there was less than a minute to play and Queen's had the ball. They could well dally and hold possession for the few seconds left, but "Ike" Sutton, the quarterback, kicked on the first down. The one chance in a million was accepted by "Long Jawn" Sinclair who promptly returned the ball with a kick that sent it so far behind the Queen's goal line it almost landed in Bloor Street. The game was tied at the moment the final whistle blew.

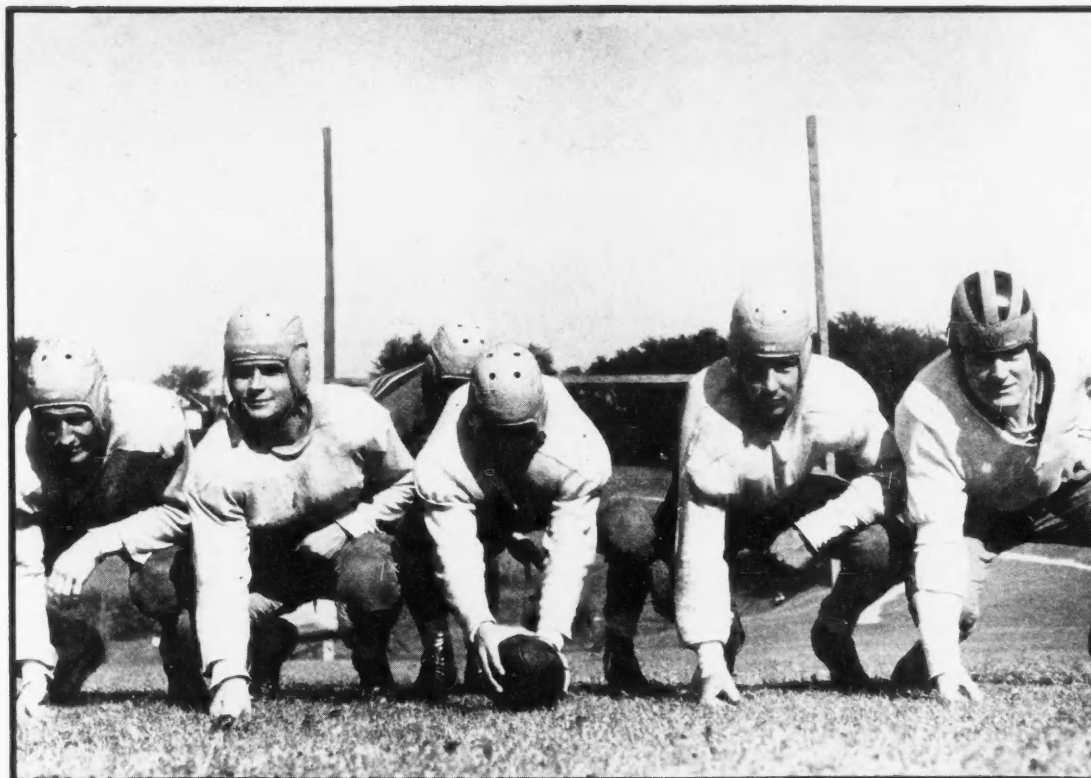
And after all championships are the thing. How do the rail birds figure out chances this year on pre-season dope? They agree that the four teams are more evenly matched than they have been for many a year, so it should be quite a simple matter to pick the winner. Here's the way the coaches have it figured out:

Lou Hayman says it is a cinch for Argonauts.

Alex Ponton is positive it is going to be Balmy Beach.

Ross Trimble goes all out for Ottawa.

And Bill Hughes would bet his last nickel on his Montreal "Bulldogs."



An eager Balmy Beach squad lines up on the ball for a full-dress, signal-polishing drill



The real Balmy Beach fan takes in every game, attends practices as often as the coach

Even in such isolationist strongholds as the Middle West the people of the U.S. are beginning to realize that the present war is more than an European squabble. But the realization comes slowly. The fact of the matter is that no nation wants to go to war merely to punish the barbarism of another nation which is a great distance away, and the people of the U.S. will only decide upon war when they realize that there is grave danger to themselves; there are signs that this realization is growing. In this article some aspects of the American argument are presented in a modest but convincing form.

That 3,000-Mile Fence Has Two Sides

BY PAUL CARLISS

I LISTENED the other evening by radio to Col. Lindbergh orate before a large middle west audience. They say across the line that the former idol of the American school-boy is grooming himself for politics, and eventually the Presidency. If so he is now receiving some valuable experience; for even in the 'isolationist' city where he was appearing on this occasion the hecklers and boosers very nearly succeeded in 'isolating' the Colonel from the rest of his audience.

War sentiment however, even in the midst of the hard-boiled Americanism of the Middle-West, is slowly but surely shifting to sympathy for the Allied cause. This is attested to

by an old University friend of mine who has been living in Chicago for many years and who, though formerly a Canadian, for several years now has been an American citizen. He was in Canada a week or so ago. But while he senses this change in sentiment he nevertheless is under no illusions as to the deep-seated desire of the American people as a whole to stay out of the war. Perhaps our conversation may illustrate the point:

"But, surely," I urged, "the more enlightened Americans must see that war is virtually inevitable for them if they really intend to see that Hitler is beaten. How can they continue to keep their heads buried in the sand?"

"Well, you see, they—or rather we—don't actually feel very much in danger yet. It's still a European scrap."

"But Hal," I broke in, "how can civilized and moral people sit back and adopt a hands-off attitude in the face of the murder and brutality that we read about every day?"

"As I say, sentiment is gradually changing. But don't overlook the fact that no nation enters a war to punish barbarism. Like every other country—we'll only fight when we get sufficiently scared—in other words to save our own hides."

"Yes, I suppose. But still Canada is doing more than that. We're protected by the United States as well as Great Britain. We are in no more immediate danger than you are—and yet we're in it 100 per cent."

British Tradition

"You will of course admit that British tradition—the flag if you like—has a good deal to do with it."

"Partly, yes. But I maintain a good many of our men are fighting and a good many dollars of taxes are being paid for moral principles—principles of human decency."

"And yet we did not see anyone very anxious to wave the flag of freedom when Japan went into China. Don't you feel that England's being at war with Hitler decided your course, whatever interpretation may now be placed on your motives in doing so?"

"All right, let's agree if you insist, that self-protection is the primary motive for fighting. On that score also it seems to me the Americans are taking a lot for granted."

"When you have lived in the Unit-

another. But you must remember most Americans have been brought up to read about Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln—and others who have lived in another world altogether from Napoleon or Bismarck or Wilhelm—or Hitler. Our mentality does not react the same way, as even yours, to events in Europe. The majority of us distrust our leaders who advocate extreme action—one way or the other. We put Lindbergh and Wheeler and Pepper all in the same category. We sense their unsoundness of judgment. But we want to think this thing through. We don't want to be pushed into it."

"I would say you are arriving at the same conclusion as we did in Canada, only much more cautiously."

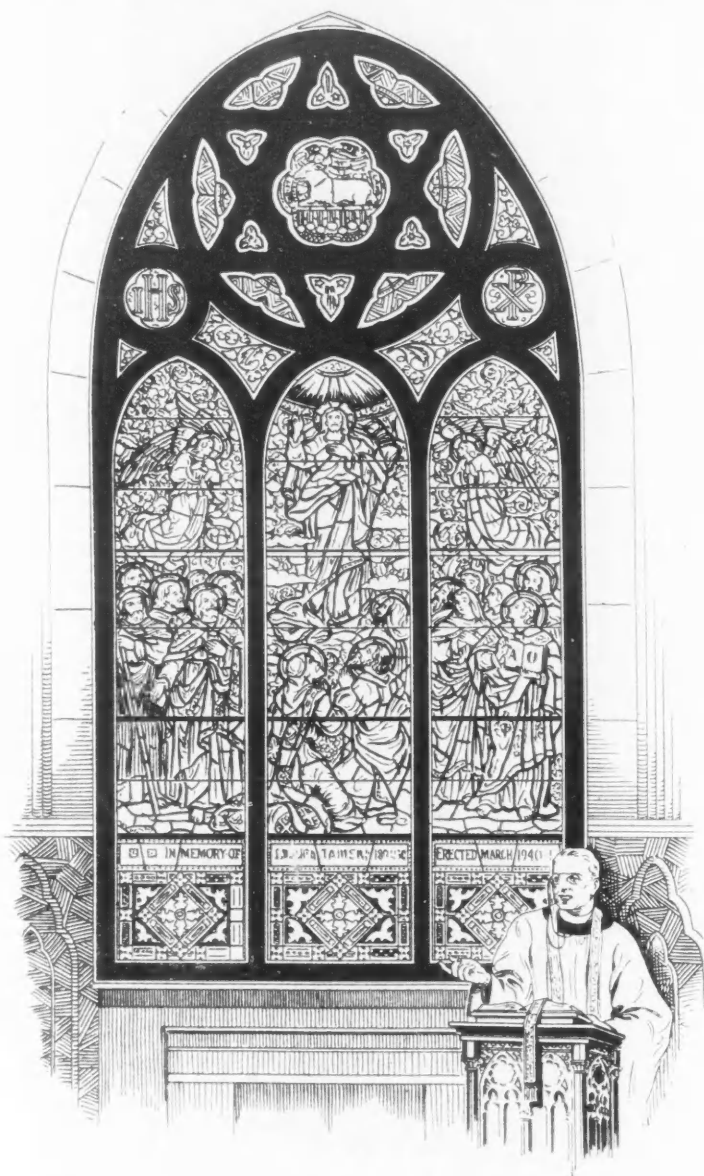
"Americans distrust foreign matters. They have a feeling they're being made suckers of some way or other. Perhaps we don't mind that so much either as long as we don't know it at the time."

"We'll all be suckers if we don't arrange a better post-war world this time."

"At last we agree! Well, good luck."

"Same to you—and we'll be seeing you soon—firing off some of those big guns you have!"

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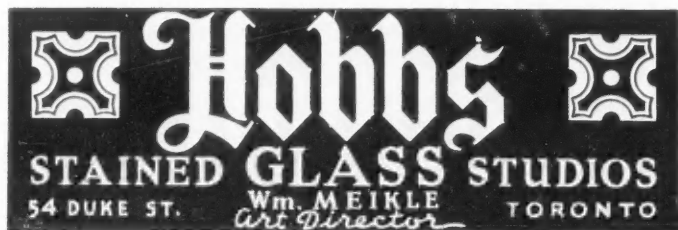
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MAY RICHSTONE.

ed States for a number of years you naturally view these things from a different angle."

"Naturally. But the facts seem so plain for anyone to see. If Great Britain falls, where do you stand then?"

"What I mean is, that the majority of our people have a deep-rooted confidence in our ability to take care of ourselves as a country. After all 130,000,000 people. . . ."

"But of what use are people against modern weapons of war?"

"There is no doubt we should prepare ourselves for defence. There is now virtually no cleavage of opinion on that score."

First Line of Defence

"But isn't aid to Britain the best, and first, line of defence?"

"As I say, more and more Americans now see this. The Gallup polls show the rising support for the Administration's foreign policy."

"To us it seems so clear that a day lost now may mean a week or a month even a year of war which might have been prevented."

"Yes, a great many mistakes have been made. We do not want to make

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The Higher Rationale of Conscription

BY CLARIS EDWIN SILCOX

Dr. Silcox is one of the leading theological and ethical thinkers of this Dominion. In this article he discusses the necessity for conscription, possibly for the army, possibly for industry, as a step toward a parity of sacrifice. This is the first of two articles; in the second Dr. Silcox will deal with the philosophical problem of the proper relation between the individual and the state.

WE HAVE been at war for two years. In his address before the House of Commons on the occasion of the declaration of war, the Prime Minister of the Dominion quoted Lowell's poem to the effect that "once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide." But on the matter of conscription, we have postponed the fateful moment of decision. To be sure, we do have, at least for home defence, partial conscription, but we seem unable to follow this preliminary step to its logical conclusion. Perhaps, we hope that it may be possible to avoid the necessity for the more drastic step with its "peril to national unity." Possibly, Russia may yet be able to save us and thus assume the moral leadership of the world of tomorrow! Possibly, if we wait long enough, the United States, which already has conscription for hemispheric defence, may make such extreme sacrifices unnecessary! We are canny, but seem to lack what a distinguished English essayist once called "decision of character."

There are some who insist that the continuance of the present policy of recruiting will prove more destructive of national unity than an open policy involving the general conscription of man-power, labor-power, capital and anything else needed to win the war. They argue that the present method, however adroit from a political viewpoint, will prove fatal to national unity, and, when the war is over, will lead to undying recrimination which can never be answered by the "facts" since the government will never have the nerve to publicize the facts. They further insist that a critical and favorable stage in the war has now been reached, and if we lose no time in throwing our maximum weight into the struggle, we may be able, with the magnificent help which Russia is giving and which the United States will give, to crack the enemy by 1942, whereas if we vacillate and confine our war effort to flaming radio addresses, we may find ourselves in for a five or ten year war.

Unfortunately, the proponents of conscription have discussed it too much from a political bias or as if it were only a part of the never-ending controversy between the two major ethnic groups that claim Canada as a common fatherland. They have failed to consider it in its broader moral, philosophical and psychological phases, and these are the phases which need explication.

Mr. King's Promises

The political issue, so far as it relates to the promises given by Mr. King and Dr. Manion to the electors in 1940, can be disregarded. Politicians always make indiscreet promises before election, and even if it is highly desirable that they occasionally keep their word, they have one loyalty which is higher than that to their pre-election promises. Mr. King has taken the oath of office and sworn loyally to support and defend this country and its sovereign, and when he promised that he would never, never, well, hardly ever, apply conscription, he did so, knowing full well that the law of the land gave him authority to call able-bodied Canadians to the colors if the defence of this country made such a call imperative. He could not tell how serious the situation might become, and consequently, he had no moral right to make any such promise. Nor can his promise be binding if the situation is sufficiently serious to warrant his use of the powers inherent in the law of the Dominion. Indeed, he could be unfaithful to his oath of office in such an emergency, he did not use the powers which the law of the land (which is above his promises) has committed into his keeping. He must decide whether the situation is sufficiently critical to warrant the use of the powers at his disposal. If he does not consider it sufficiently critical, he may be forgiven for continuing the present policy even if he may later have to pay the price for a mistake in judgment. If he considers it extremely and supremely critical, then, as an honorable man who has solemnly sworn to defend the in-

dependence of the nation, he has no choice but to use his power and apply conscription. To the moral theologian, the issue is clear, and his pre-election promises mean little or nothing.

American Opinion

One diplomatic aspect of the question deserves consideration. American help is necessary to final victory, but will the people of the United States view with approval Canada's failure to enforce conscription when she, though not yet in the war, has already raised a huge force by conscription?

It is well known to some of us (if not to the government) that much of the hesitation of the United States to enter the war openly has been due to the infiltration of an unrealistic pacifism and isolationism among religious leaders in that country. A few years ago, thousands of clergymen, in an emotional mood and under the spell of the propaganda of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, signed a pledge that never again would they "bless a war," and having put themselves up an impossible tree, they find it difficult to climb down. So they keep hammering away at any possible excuse why the United States should hold aloof, and whenever they find a seeming weakness in the armor of the British Commonwealth of Nations, they announce the fact to their clientele with evident satisfaction. They point to India (that is their favorite song), they point to what seem to be the half-hearted efforts of Canada, and our American church-leaders who are interventionists are frequently cramped in their style by these nasty queries as to why Canada does not do more. Of course, we do not need to be unduly nettled by American criticism and we are justified in seeking to solve our own internal problems in our own way, but we cannot wisely ignore the force of public opinion in the United States.

It is just as well to remember that when the United States entered the war in 1917, she immediately applied the principle of conscription, and she did it largely because national unity in a country which was seeking to fuse a variety of races and ethnic groups made conscription inevitable. Even then, and although Jews, Catholics and Protestants, whites and Negroes, German-Americans, Polish-Americans, Italian-Americans, and every other kind of hyphenate fought and died together, the American people had to face, after the war, the Ku Klux Klan and a revival of anti-alienism. That consideration should give all who talk about national unity, due pause.

Do We Need Conscription?

Some of our statisticians have, on the basis of the census, submitted figures as to the potential man-power which we could muster if we had to do so, making all necessary allowances for flat feet, poor eyesight, hernias and other handicaps. But it is not for a mere student of moral and social philosophy to determine whether our greatest contribution in this war is to be in soldiers, sailors and airmen, or in equipment and food. That is essentially a military

problem, and for military strategists to determine. But even if our greatest contribution is to be in the provision of equipment, then we should get along with it now at a maximum speed and utilize our entire available man-power.

There is no valid reason why, in this war, we should not conscript a certain amount of labor for our industries as well as for the military. There is no reason why we should expect some of the more adventurous youths from 20 to 30, unmarried and without dependents, to volunteer for the armed forces at \$1.35 a day with board, uniforms and other perquisites, while other youths, similarly circumstanced, are given ever-increasing pay with bonuses in war-factories. There is no reason why we should not call the men up by classes, and let those who cannot serve best in the army or air-force be drafted into industrial undertakings, preferably in government arsenals, at a wage commensurate with that given the men who are risking their lives on

sea, land or in the air that we should be safe for whatever it is that warrants our salvation. Of course, the labor unions might fear that this arrangement would prove a damper on some union ambitions, but unless something is done to stabilize wages in the war-industries, we shall experience a type of inflation which may make any economic adjustment after the war practically impossible.

The present policy is bound to create a bitterness between those who go voluntarily into the armed forces and those who stay at home and hold down good jobs. National unity will never be served that way. Not only would a partial conscription of labor prove a step towards parity of sacrifice, but it might help to keep down the costs of the war, and thus prevent the serious after-effects of unwise inflationary policies. The extent which such a conscription of labor as well as of men for the armed forces should go is, however a technical question and as such is not of primary concern to the moralist.

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—(Mrs.) M. R. L.

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When Winston Churchill Would Not Wait

BY J. G. SINCLAIR

IT WAS a few minutes past eight o'clock on a Monday morning in the spring of 1911 when the scene which has lived in my memory through all these years occurred. The very tones of Churchill's voice, as he rapped out his brief command, are still vitally audible to me as I recapture again that vivid picture of long ago.

It happened at the railway station at Oxford. A few miles from the famous university city stands Blenheim Palace and there Churchill, with his wife and his mother Lady Randolph Churchill, had been spending the weekend with his first cousin, the late Duke of Marlborough.

It was a particularly grave Monday morning for Britain since the daily newspapers carried banner headlines announcing an imminent national coal strike that would directly involve one million mine workers and indirectly dislocate innumerable other industries.

The Asquith Government, of which Mr. Churchill was a very prominent member, was then in power, and any false step might bring it into irretrievable disaster. Furthermore, there was at that time only one more

popular figure in Britain than Winston Churchill, and that man was David Lloyd George.

Oxford is 65 miles from London and the eight-thirty morning train service was the business man's "special," so that already a crowd had queued up to wait in turn for the ticket-box to open.

I remember well that it was a brilliantly warm morning but despite this Churchill was wearing a heavy black overcoat that suggested winter. He wore also his familiar big squarish John Bull hat, similar to what old-fashioned farmers went to market in. His collar was the wide-peaked style that Lord Rosebery, a statesman greatly admired by Churchill, always favored; and worn with this collar was the small black-and-white bow which Churchill liked then and still likes now. He carried in his hand another piece of the familiar Winston ensemble, namely his ebony silver-topped cane.

Churchill at this time was still in his middle thirties, but even then he had a heavy scholarly stoop which accentuated the giant shoulders.

As the crowd, lined up in readiness for the opening of the ticket-office,

A close-up of Winston Churchill back in 1911 when he was England's Home Secretary and in the thick of an imminent national coal strike.

had their faces turned away from the station entrance, very few people had noticed the three distinguished arrivals, Mrs. Churchill and Lady Randolph coming on ahead with Winston immediately behind them.

ONCE into the station however, Churchill instantly applied the "Churchill touch" by pushing his way straight through the queue towards the closed ticket-office. He observed no ceremony whatsoever. No "excuse me" or "pardon me" passed his lips as he pressed through the little crowd towards the unopened ticket-box.

And once there he wasted no time for with his silver-topped cane he rapped sharply on the ledge of the ticket-office. He waited only a sec-

ond or two before he struck the ledge more loudly than before.

The waiting travellers were immensely interested, word having passed round that "Churchill's here," and everybody was no doubt wondering what the clerk inside would think when he opened up the closed slot-door and observed Churchill himself waiting there.

Actually of course the ticket-box was not yet due to be opened, and there was no surer way of offending an English passenger clerk, and especially an Oxford passenger clerk, than by rapping on his ticket-box and calling for a ticket before the regulation time for opening up. Hence the queues patiently waiting for official opening time.

WHETHER the violence of Churchill's attack on the ticket-box aroused the clerk from temporary somnambulism, or whether he had intended indignantly to remind the impatient passenger to "wait till the box is opened," can never now be known.

But what actually happened was this, in response to those rapid assaults by Winston's silver-topped cane: The little ticket-box door was shot up with a loud bang and there confronting the office clerk was the great head of Churchill, poised in the aperture.

All within earshot heard the four words that followed, when Churchill in a sharp and commanding voice called out: "Three first class London."

In a moment the tickets had been pushed through to Winston's outstretched hand and holding these he turned and made his way rapidly towards the platform.

LIKE many another Oxford undergraduate of that time, I was a devout Churchill hero-worshipper. So as soon as I had secured my own third-class ticket I made my way to the platform to observe my hero and his family.

I first espied him again at the bookstall where he was laying in an armful of newspapers. This done he came down the platform where his wife and his mother were slowly strolling arm in arm. Even now, after the lapse of all these years, I can still picture him as he passed me, tight-lipped and with a most grave look on his face.

Every movement of his was significant to me on that dramatic Monday morning, when a grave national crisis was on hand; a crisis that might indeed involve himself and the Asquith Ministry in disaster.

With a word or two to the ladies, he passed on a little ahead of them. He had lit a cigar and seemed to be stabbing at the hard ground on which he stood in an irritable way as if begrudging the time lost in waiting for the train to come in from the North.

Scores of interested onlookers were, at a respectful distance, watching his every movement, but Church-

ill seemed oblivious of everything else save his cigar and his cane. He would walk a few paces, then turn round and walk back again to the spot he had just left, head down and constantly tapping the paved ground with his thin black cane.

ALWAYS near to him were the two ladies, alert it seemed to shield him from any would-be intruders upon his reflections. But no one bothered him. People passed and repassed him, but always at some little distance, conscious no doubt that the Home Secretary had plenty to occupy his mind that morning without being troubled for an autograph, or even to listen to their good wishes for an early settlement of the crisis that was calling him hurriedly back to London and to Cabinet council. Clearly as I can see Churchill standing there, or pacing to and fro on that railway platform at Oxford so many years ago, I can also see just as clearly the figures of Mrs. Churchill and Lady Randolph Churchill.

Mrs. Churchill at that time looked young, almost girlish. She was tall and slim and very fair. She wore the long dress of the period and carried in her hand a tightly-rolled black umbrella. She was listening attentively to Lady Randolph who was talking to her daughter-in-law and employing many energetic gestures with her ungloved hands.

Lady Randolph Churchill was short and plump. Her hair was then raven black, and as her complexion was dark and she was also dressed entirely in black, her whole appearance was extremely striking.

Always a great talker, that particular Monday morning proved no exception to her general habit, for while Winston just a few paces away was absorbed with his own thoughts, his cigar and the cane which he restlessly employed, his mother was volubly engaging her daughter-in-law.

Then silently and smoothly the train from the North came bending round the long curve, straightening itself out as it plowed the trackway of the Oxford station, and the waiting travellers stood by to find their seats when it came to a standstill.

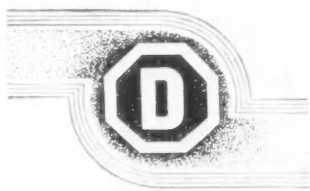
INTENT on seeing the end of this most interesting event, I waited while a railway attendant conducted Lady Randolph and Mrs. Churchill to a first-class compartment of the train, and as this was taking place Churchill himself had entered an adjoining compartment and, seated in a corner by the window, was adjusting an extra large size in horn-rimmed spectacles. A porter had hurried forward and was busy locking the door of Winston's compartment, thus ensuring him complete privacy on his journey.

The last glimpse I caught of Churchill on that memorable spring morning thirty years ago, a moment before I rushed for my own seat, was the picture of him with head thrown back and a newspaper held out at full length.



"WE'VE GOT THE MEN"

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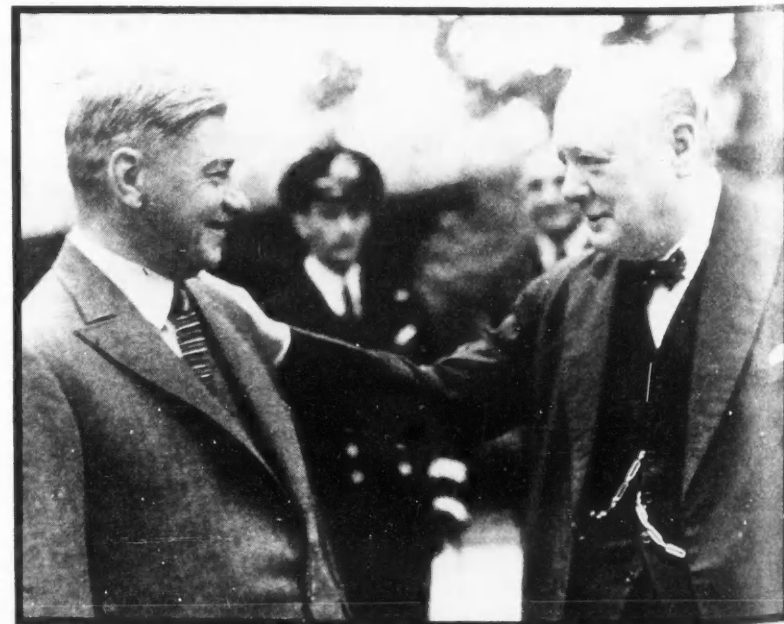
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Winston Churchill, with a characteristic gesture, talks to Charles Gavin Power, Canada's Air Minister, during the latter's recent visit to England.



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The Mobile Workshop is an example of the excellent equipment being turned out in great quantities by Canadian industry. In the Windsor, Ontario, plant of Ford of Canada,

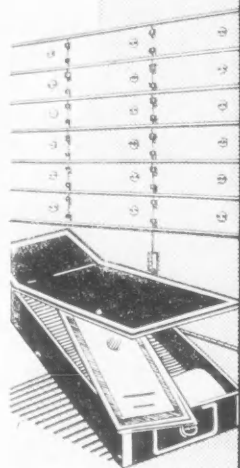
more than 13,000 skilled workers have already completed more than 100,000 army vehicles. In a never-ending stream, these "fighting machines for fighting men" roll away from Ford assembly lines—night and day—to serve with Empire armies.

In addition to the skill and experience of Canadian workers at Ford of Canada—there is another important factor which has helped make this Windsor plant the British Empire's most important single source of mechanical transport. It is the enthusiasm of true Canadians, working steadily, surely and swiftly to serve their beloved Empire to the utmost of their ability.



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What To Do With Germany

BY DONALD C. MacDONALD

IN HIS article "What Not To Do With A Defeated Germany" (SATURDAY NIGHT, September 6), Mr. Jack Anders has emphasized the greatest danger in a postwar Germany, namely, that behind the guise of a conservative front, the Prussian Army group will once again remain in the saddle with the result of another world war a generation hence.

But unfortunately in building up his case Mr. Anders has misrepresented the one man whose life and works and writings, more than any other, support his arguments. The man is Dr. Otto Strasser, founder and head of the Black Front, Germany's greatest underground movement, and chairman of the Free German Movement.

Though Dr. Strasser has just celebrated his 44th birthday, he is a veteran of the four years of the Great War. He volunteered in the Bavarian Army of August, 1914, interrupting his education to do so, rose from the ranks to become a lieutenant, was decorated and twice wounded. But though an old soldier, he is an anti-militarist, and as we shall see, a militant anti-Prussian.

I have had the opportunity to talk with Dr. Strasser many times during

Mr. MacDonald says that Mr. Anders, in the latter's recent article on "What not to do with a defeated Germany," misrepresented Dr. Otto Strasser, whose career and writings are convincing proof, says Mr. MacDonald, that he is a sincere socialist.

The real problem is "What to do with a defeated Germany," Mr. MacDonald goes on, and for the answer he turns to Dr. Strasser's own book "In Germany Tomorrow."

his exile in Canada. In discussing the German army he has always made three divisions: first, the generals who, as Mr. Anders quotes him, "are an unprincipled lot"; secondly, the rank and file who are for the most part strongly pro-Hitler; and finally, in between, the staff officers, the majority of whom are convinced anti-Hitlerites. Many of them are young men of the so-called Schleicher school. Schleicher, it will be recalled, admitted in his famous radio address of December 15, 1932, that he was dubbed the "socialist general," and added that the German army would never be used to perpetuate any, and especially an old, economic system. By his words, he signed his own death warrant, which was executed in the Blood Purge of June 30, 1934.

Sincere Socialist

But Mr. Anders does the greatest injustice to Dr. Strasser in his reference to the heads of the German military dictatorship and the power behind the scenes "in a 'conservative' Germany of the Strasserian brand."

Dr. Otto Strasser's career and writings are convincing proof that he is a sincere socialist. In 1925 he joined the National Socialist Party because he believed that its program, as laid down in the original "25 points," represented that synthesis of nationalism and socialism through which he could realize his dream of German Socialism. As an uncompromising foe of international communism he laid some, though not excessive, emphasis on nationalism.

"For Otto Strasser," comments Douglas Reed in his biography, "Nemesis?", "Socialism was always the noun, Nationalism merely the adjective." During the five years that he was in the Nazi Party (1925-30), its history was predominantly one of a struggle for power between the Strasser brothers, Otto and Gregor, on the one hand, and Hitler, Goering and Goebbels on the other. In 1930 when Hitler began his flirting with German industrialists, Otto Strasser thrashed out the party platform with his leader, and following almost two days of argument, he became convinced that socialism for Hitler was only a vote-catching appeal, while his true aim was power by any and every means.

He left the Nazi Party, the first of its leaders to do so, almost two years before Dr. Hermann Rauschning, another famed anti-Hitlerite, got around to joining it. Within a few months he had written "Germany Tomorrow," which last year was expanded and published in Britain. He organized his Black Front, swam against the rising tide of Hitlerism for three years, and after Hitler's coming to power, began that "crazy odyssey," a tale of unflagging pursuit and narrow escape from the Gestapo, which led him from Vienna to Prague to Switzerland to Paris, and now to a secluded life in Canada.

What to Do with Germany

With victory achieved it is imperative that the Allies avoid many pitfalls, the chief one of which Mr. Anders has alluded to in "What not to do with a defeated Germany." But turning from the negative to the positive approach, the real problem is "what

to do with a defeated Germany." And here Dr. Strasser has an answer which was set down in black and white over ten years ago—in "Germany Tomorrow," adopted as the program of the Black Front in 1930, and in the following year published in the first edition of his book "Aufbau des deutschen Sozialismus."

Dr. Strasser's conception of the Fourth Reich, wherein could be realized the kind of Germany which he one day thought National Socialism sought to build, can be briefly put as: Destroy Prussianism, then federate Germany.

"The most decisive of the deeds, not words," by which Germany must give assurance against repeated wars and aggression, "will be the partition of Prussia."

But beyond the territorial subdivision of Prussia, leaving it in its original size as the Mark of Brandenburg, the whole spirit of Prussianism, in its far-reaching ramifications throughout German national life, must be utterly destroyed.

"We Germans must ourselves overcome Prussia," Strasser told his countrymen in 1930. "We must overcome it territorially, economically, and

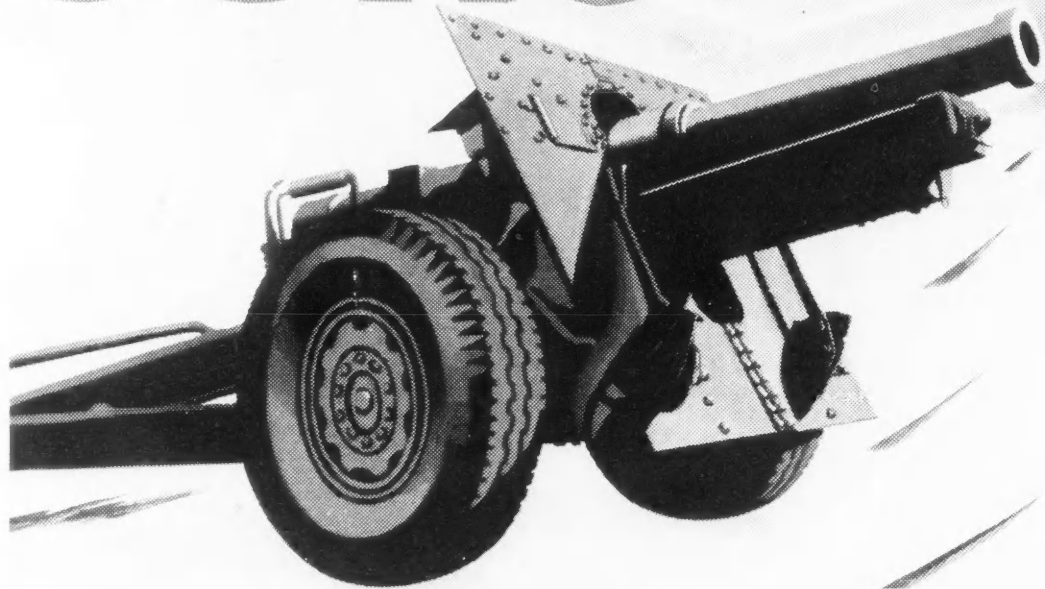


Nazi General von Schroeder, military governor of Yugoslavia, who has been reported killed in an "accident."



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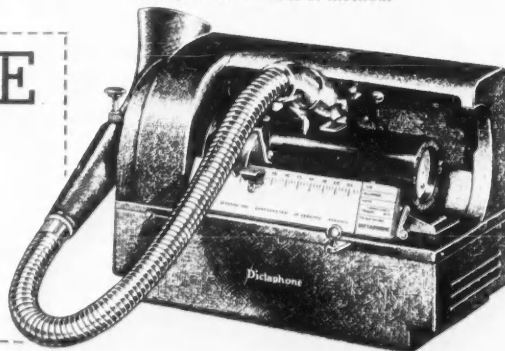
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spiritually, for only when we have done so will New Germany, will New Europe, become possible."

It is interesting to note that this plea for a partition of Prussia was originally made, not under stress of war, not because of fear of military defeat, not as the outcome of foreign or refugee influence—"but owing to the overwhelming logic of a study of the political and religious structure of Germany, its history and its motive forces, when contemplated by a European consciousness. I regard it (partition of Prussia) as of the utmost importance to insist on this today," Dr. Strasser reiterates now, as in 1930.

For what Germany is doing to Europe today, Prussia did to Germany yesterday. "Germany is just a province of Prussia," he often remarks with deep indignation. Though providing Germany with a certain unity, "Politically, the development of little Brandenburg into Great Prussia represents the growth of a cancer threatening the life of the German body as a whole, and it is a development which must be checked at all costs if Germany, and Europe, are to be saved," Dr. Strasser insists.

Power Without Limit

"For it lies in the very nature of the doctrine 'might is right,' a doctrine which forms the heart of the Prussian mystery, that it should know no limits. That was why Brandenburg grew into Prussia; Prussia into Great Prussia, which struts as Germany—in the belief," wrote Strasser before Hitler came to power, "that Great Prussia would grow into the Continental Empire that would like to strut as Europe."

Then comes perhaps the most interesting aspect of the Strasser blueprint for the New Germany. Having partitioned Prussia, creating as separate states again not only Brandenburg, but the provinces of Rhineland, Hesse, Thuringia, Saxony, etc., Dr. Strasser would federate these with Swabia, Franconia, Bavaria, etc. in all, some twelve to fifteen territorial subdivisions of Germany, representing political, cultural, tribal and economic units.

Each of the provinces would enjoy rights of self-government comparable to those of the Swiss cantons. Thus would be swept away that centralized administrative apparatus through which Prussia controls Germany.

At the same time the economic stronghold of Prussianism would be destroyed through dividing up the great landed estates, the old home of Prussianism. Further, the "new Prussian estates" of heavy industry which came into existence after the foundation of the Bismarckian Reich, and which, under the device of the Weimar Republic, transformed itself more and more into Great Prussia, the monopoly industries of the Krupps and the Thyssens, would be nationalized.

"The resulting Germany would be a large economic unit with smaller political units; a greater economic sphere with smaller political self-governing spheres. Such a politico-

economic set-up would realize the spirit of the eight points outlined by President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill," Dr. Strasser believes.

Against Separatism

At this point in one of our discussions of his plans, I queried him: But is it not possible that such a decentralization of Germany will not just turn the hands of the clock back to before Bismarck's day, making inevitable another series of wars, both civil and foreign, to unify the Reich?

Anticipating the question, Dr. Strasser answered spontaneously:

"No. You must draw a distinction between separatism and decentralization through a federation. We are against separatism. It would serve no useful purpose. With Germany broken up into many parts, it would threaten the future peace of Europe in the manner you suggest. The unity of Germany cannot be destroyed in that sense, and the security of Europe be achieved. What we seek is to alter the inner form of that unity. Or in other words: Do not partition Germany and preserve Prussia, but partition Prussia and preserve Germany—and Europe."

Bearing in mind the history of the last 20 years, and above all, the de-

mand of all peoples that Germany shall be a nation with which they can live at peace, there is another assurance according to Dr. Strasser's reasoning. The best disarmament of Germany, he believes, lies in a federation. For federations are always systems of maintenance and defence, not unions for aggression. In a federation it is well-nigh impossible to acquire among its component parts that unity of purpose which makes an aggressive policy feasible. The myriad of checks and balances destroy that rigid centralization of national energies without which an offensive war is out of the question. For the most convincing example of

the difficulties faced by a federation attempting to achieve such a unity of purpose for action beyond its borders, witness the United States today.

Is this not a plan which is both feasible, and in its general outlines, acceptable to thinking people of the Allied nations? "Here is a man who just missed playing a big part," Douglas Reed has said of Dr. Otto Strasser in "Nemesis?"—"a man who had called Hitler a fraud when all others were acclaiming him a genius, a man whose time to play a big part again might soon be coming. . . (for) all his life and works show how here is a good German who is a good European."



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Nazi Foreign Minister Joachim von Ribbentrop, caught by the camera at the time of a recent broadcast. Last week Germany suffered a crushing diplomatic defeat in South America when von Thiermann, Ambassador to Argentina, was expelled.

Our National Cheer-Leader

BY JOHN GRAHAM

"JOE" THORSON, who looks like a droughtland farmer and is a knight (first class) of Iceland, has taken over the job that breaks ministers.

It's all very well to speak of Joseph T. Thorson, K.C., the Manitoba orator, as Minister of National War Services in the federal Government, because war services in themselves are important enough, what with the registration of the nation's manpower and womanpower and minor anxieties such as the conscientious objectors.

But Canada and Mr. Thorson have no illusions about his job. He's expected to be Canada's minister of public information, and that means he is supposed to inform Canadians, and Americans as well, about what this country is doing to help win the war.

The business of war services can be left very well with Maj.-Gen. L. R. LaFlèche and Mr. Justice T. C. Davis, who handled it efficiently when Minister of Agriculture and National War Services Gardiner found that agriculture alone—associated with food for Britain and cutting down wheat acreage—provided enough work and problems for even the most energetic of men. As these experienced deputies are staying with war services, it should be possible for Mr. Thorson to spend some time in thought and organization.

Mr. Thorson's qualifications for the job are NOT very impressive at casual glance, although he has been a good politician, scholar, linguist, dean of a law school, soldier, debater and committee chairman, all of

"Joe" Thorson — otherwise the Hon. Joseph T. Thorson, K.C., Minister of National War Services — has the important job of informing Canadians, and Americans as well, about what this country is doing to help win the war. You might call him the national cheer-leader.

Thorson is a lawyer, and lawyers are not usually very inspirational orators. But behind him, for publicity purposes, are such stalwarts as Major Gladstone Murray, G. Herbert Lash and John Grierson, and maybe he can borrow the vocal charmer L. W. Brockington. The set-up is good.

Will Mr. Thorson be able to get us on our hind-legs, cheering?

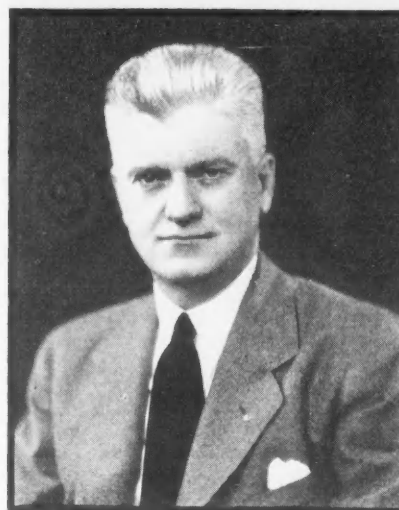
which have helped make him useful in the public service. A few years ago he made some forthright statements on what he considered Canada's place in the galaxy of nations which won him the reputation of being a bit of an isolationist. It seems a reasonable guess that among the many things on Mr. Thorson's mind as he labors in his new office, the question of whether or not Canadian appeals should go to the Privy Council is hardly the most pressing; but in an earlier day that was one of the things which caused him some concern and several newspapers reminded him of it when his appointment was announced.

Teacher of Lawyers

Most of Mr. Thorson's difficulty in being the successful chief of Canada's publicity services will be caused by his own attitude of mind and the way his cabinet colleagues act. He is a lawyer, and, more than that, a

teacher of lawyers. He is apt to weigh his words so long that they become old and tired, and that is not the kind of words that Canadian reporters, radiomen and newsreels want these days. They are looking for inspiration, for color and for dramatics, so that they can cause some galloping of the pulses on both sides of the border.

It will be necessary for Mr. Thorson to have the co-operation of other ministers in giving the news to those who want to hear. Most of the time the public information office simply repeats information which has been given in the House of Commons, by some touring politician or collected by independent reporters in the capital. It seldom appears in the proper role of originator of news, but simply glorifies for the radio venerable items which have been published and broadcast in concise form before public information gets its fingers on them at all; at least, that is what it looks like.



Thomas J. Davis, president of Rotary International, who is at present visiting in Great Britain, and who will address an assembly of some 52 Rotary clubs in Toronto on October 3. A well-known American lawyer, he was one-time acting professor of law at the University of Montana.

On the credit side, Joe Thorson is a good listener, a qualification which received considerable exercise during sessions of the Commons' committee on war expenditures, of which he is chairman, and where he is generally conceded to have done a good job. There he heard a good deal about the war effort and its cost, and went fact-finding on his own. He also heard blunt Conservative opinions in camera. If he will learn from listening, and act on the knowledge he gathers he will be making a fair start, although it won't by any means be enough.

Good Assistants

When Prime Minister Mackenzie King handed him the war services portfolio, there went along with it the best arrangement the government had to offer. This was the amalgamation of the various major publicity services of the government in his department, and brought into a unified governmental household such stalwarts as Major Gladstone Murray of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, G. Herbert Lash of the public information bureau and John Grierson, film commissioner.

For first-class oratorical engagements, Mr. Thorson could doubtless borrow the vocal charmer, L. W. Brockington, from the prime minister.

If he can weld the efforts of such men and assist them in putting more life and sparkle into the story of Canada at war, giving them the incentive to try new things and speak out when required, Mr. Thorson should succeed.

The main failing of ministers of public information in the graveyard job of the British cabinet has been that they said far too little, and, in their caution, have seared hopes and inspirations and been "scooped" again and again in the propaganda struggle. There may have been reasons for their failure which do not exist in Canada, but it is up to Mr. Thorson to find out.

There is NO need for him to be reckless, revealing information that might damage the Canadian cause or disturb our friends across any of the borders or the seas. Canada's achievements and aspirations are plain to see, and the machinery is at his hand space for real news in newspapers, the radio that sings by every fireside and the films that everyone wants to spend a quarter to see.

These things are a far cry from the peace of Oxford University, where Mr. Thorson went as a Rhodes scholar, and they are equally distant from the profound reflection and deliberation befitting the dean of the Manitoba law school.

Mr. Thorson's triumph would be to get us on our hind legs, cheering.

As a national cheer-leader at a time when the office is essential instead of a luxury he has one of the hardest assignments ever given a Canadian politician.



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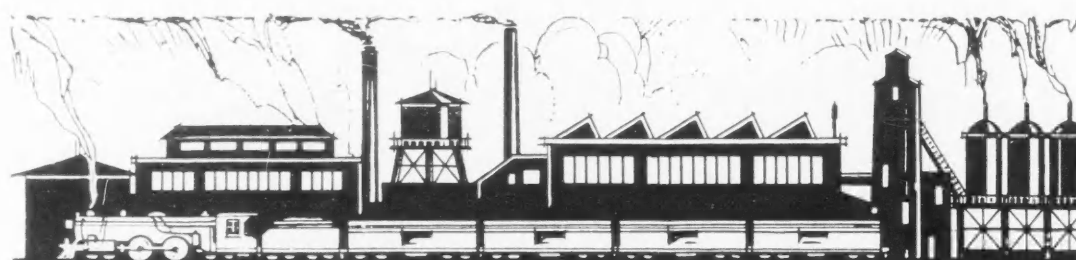
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THE HITLER WAR

Aid for Russia an Urgent Problem

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

62 per cent of the pig iron
48 " " " steel
72 " " " aluminum
70 " " " farm machinery
20 " " other machinery

The Ukraine is an important region. And it is about to be lost.

Leningrad will probably fall in time, too; its production is already lost to the rest of the country. This consists of 16 per cent of the country's electrical energy, and all that that denotes in the way of industrial development, including steel mills, oil refineries, aluminum, rubber, chemical and machine-building industries. The contemplation of such losses (and we have not even mentioned Moscow, about which clusters the country's second greatest industrial area, being particularly important in the aeroplane, automotive and textile industries) might surely be enough to discourage the Russians, and make them ask whether it was any use carrying on.

It is to forestall any such development that Lord Beaverbrook and Mr. Harriman have hurried to Moscow to promise large-scale deliveries of supplies, and that the British "Tanks for Russia" Week has been put on with such advertisement, and with a touching little ceremony in which Mrs. Maisky sent a "Valentine" lumbering off to the docks for Stalin.

Actually, however, not the slightest suggestion of quitting has yet come out of Russia. The Soviet leaders showed how far they were prepared to go when they blew the Dnieper Dam. The Russians are a primitive people, not given to "nerves"; their confidence in ultimate victory has been described by many observers as unshakable. They must be borne up by the memory of how their scorched-earth policy defeated Napoleon and rendered Hoffmann's occupation of the Ukraine in 1918 fruitless. They must also be borne up by the knowledge that they have a large industry in the Urals and Central Siberia, developed to meet this very contingency. It wouldn't support as large an army as they have in the field now, as it would provide only 30 per cent of the steel; but neither would Hitler be able to maintain such a large army on the distant Volga, especially if we were to make a powerful diversion in Western Europe. (The problem of an immediate British diversion to relieve Russia is discussed by the Front Page).

west next spring or summer. In that case we might very well have to wait until the Americans were ready to participate directly in a Continental campaign.

The arithmetic of the situation is that Germany has about 300 divisions and we (Britain, the Dominions and India) have hardly more than 75 outfitted as yet. Hitler couldn't conceivably need more than half of his forces to hold down the Continent if Russia had collapsed, and would thus have 150 divisions with which to face us. Occupying the central position he could switch these against either part of our forces, which are divided, with roughly one-third in the Middle East and two-thirds in the Isles.

Reasons for Aid

The advantage to us of keeping Russia in the field is evident. It would permanently divide Hitler's land and air forces, as ours are divided, over two fronts. It would give us a chance to finish the war under our own steam without waiting, first, to persuade the Americans, and then for them to get ready, which might hold us up an extra year or two. It would almost certainly save us hundreds of thousands of casualties.

The aid will have to be on a huge scale if we are to keep a massive Red Army in the field. It will take all of the planes which the United States is now sending Britain, and some of Britain's too. It will take all the tanks for which Britain has been waiting from the States, and many of her own, so pressingly needed by her own armies. But is it not worth it, if it keeps Hitler's panzers busy on the Volga and in the Caucasus, keeps the Luftwaffe away from Britain's cities, harbors and factories, and makes it unnecessary to send an American expeditionary force to Europe? London and Washington appear to have no doubts about this, on the showing which Russia has made to date, and have declared that the only limit to the supplies which they were willing to send is their availability and the carrying capacity of the routes still open.

These are three in number: via Archangel in the north, Vladivostok in the Far East, and Persia in the

south. They are none too promising, but they are a good deal better than none at all. Hitler took good care to block the two major routes, through the Baltic and the Black Sea, and is attacking the all-weather route via Murmansk which was opened up for British supplies in the early part of the last war. No doubt a basic part of his plan was to have Japan close Vladivostok, but the United States reacted so sharply to her effort that she has drawn back for the present. If, as is possible, Mr. Roosevelt's shooting orders in the Atlantic have freed a squadron of British battleships for Singapore, then Japan will be pretty well taken care of.

The Archangel railway is safe for the present. It is almost certain that most of the arms and supplies, and the wing of the R.A.F., which we have sent Russia up to now have travelled by this route. As an indication, there has been the periodic action of our naval forces along the northern coasts, and this week brought the definite evidence of an American ship arriving there, only three weeks out of New York. Archangel is only open to navigation for about the same period as Churchill on Hudson's Bay, however. That is, normally from mid-July to mid-October. With ice-breakers and favorable weather this season might be extended several weeks each way, but that would still mean that Archangel will soon be closed until next June, which is a long way off by the measure of totalitarian war.

A New Rail Link

If the German-Finnish threat to the Murmansk railway, both at the northern terminus and along the west coast of the White Sea, could be parried, I understand that a new rail link now connects this to the Archangel line, just below the White Sea. If the Germans were to finally block both of these routes by penetrating to Vologda junction, north of Yaroslavl, there remains a final possibility in the north by freighting up the Northern Dvina River from Archangel, 350 miles to the rail-head of Kotlas. The importance of this northern supply route lies in the fact that it is only about one-quarter as far from New York to Moscow this way, and about one-eighth as far

from London to Moscow, as against the Persian Gulf route. Until freeze-up, therefore, we will pile our supplies on the docks of Archangel, for the single-line railway to clear away as it can during the winter months.

Though Archangel and Vladivostok are at present carrying the main traffic, our one secure, all-year-round route is that recently opened up through Persia. As long as the Germans can be held away from the Volga, we have an all-water route from British and American ports right to the docks of Stalingrad, Saratov, Kazan and Moscow itself, with the exception of an 850-mile haul across Persia on a modern railway, which only needs more rolling stock to increase its carrying capacity.

Can Russians Hold?

If the Russians can hold out this winter, say in front of Moscow and along the line of the Don, covering Stalingrad and holding Rostov, our supplies and their remaining resources ensure that they will still represent a powerful force by next spring. If the Germans break through in the south, separate the Russian armies and reach the Volga, we ought at the worst to have a Southern Army holding the Cauca-

NOVELIST

His stories, delicately told,
Unfold with subtlety.
From climax and coincidence
They are entirely free.

Alas, he wields a defter pen
Than poor hack-writing Fate,
Whose plots are trite, East Lynnhish,
Out of date and second-rate.

JOYCE MARSHALL

sus, supported by our supplies and troops; and a Central Army standing behind the Volga, supplied from the Urals and to some extent via Archangel, Vladivostok and Persia (by rail from Gurev at the head of the Caspian, or through Turkestan).

If the Russians have the will to fight on, it ought to prove a physical impossibility for Hitler to conquer their very considerable sources of supply beyond the Urals, or close our supply routes to the south and east. His commanders carry Hoffmann's diary in their kit. As they stand on the Don, they are liable to agree with the brilliant Chief of Staff of 1918 that they "have no objection to pushing farther and farther eastwards . . . except that the distances grow more immense, and our army does not . . . Our eastern movement must come to an end sometime."

SERIOUS reverses, if not disasters, appear imminent in Russia, and indications multiply from London and Washington that the Soviet cry for help is becoming more and more urgent. The figure of 500 planes a month is mentioned, which is more than the United States is sending Britain as yet. Much more surprising is the urgent need for tanks which must lie behind the British "Tanks for Russia" week.

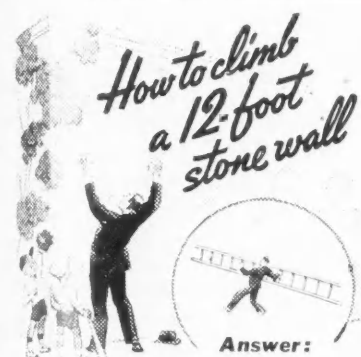
Not only has a three-month long battle, greatest and fiercest in all history, used up a large part of Russia's machinery of war. But something like two-thirds of the resources and factories which might replace this loss have either fallen, or are about to fall, to the Germans. To begin with, almost the entire iron ore supply of European Russia was lost west of the Dnieper a month ago. That alone would have left the steel mills of Dnepropetrovsk and the Donetz Basin idle within a matter of weeks or months. Then Dnepropetrovsk itself, one of the chief steel and machine-building centres of the country, was lost.

The Ukraine

With the blowing of the great Dnieper Dam went about one-fifth of Russia's electrical energy, two-thirds of her aluminum refining capacity, and a big alloy steel plant at Zaporozhe, to mention only the most important items. Next will come, almost certainly, the loss of the Donetz Basin with over half of Russia's coal production and the greatest concentration of heavy industry in the country. Capture of Kharkov, and as I write the Germans claim to be within 30 miles of it, would deprive the Russians of their biggest tank works and other heavy engineering plant, and round out the German conquest of the Ukraine.

And the Ukraine, to sum up, though representing only 2 per cent of the area of the U.S.S.R., sustains 18 per cent of the population and produces (as of 1940):

23 per cent of the grain
68 " " " sugar
60 " " " coal (1938)
67 " " " iron ore



Get a ladder with 12 rungs

Perhaps the answer to your life insurance problem is just as simple as the one illustrated. If the annual premium on a policy adequate for your needs looks like a stone wall to you, get a ladder . . . take it in twelve easy steps . . . pay your premium in twelve small monthly amounts.

North American Life's new Budget Payment Plan is the modern, easy way to financial independence. Instead of paying a year's premium in advance, you pay only one month's premium. You won't have the bother of monthly payments because this service includes the acceptance of twelve post-dated checks. You get your insurance receipt each month automatically.

Send the coupon for folder telling how as little as \$5 monthly will buy protection for your family and a guaranteed income for your own later years.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE

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112 King St. W., Toronto, Ont.
Please send me information about your special Budget Policy, together with free Pocket Memo Budget Booklet.

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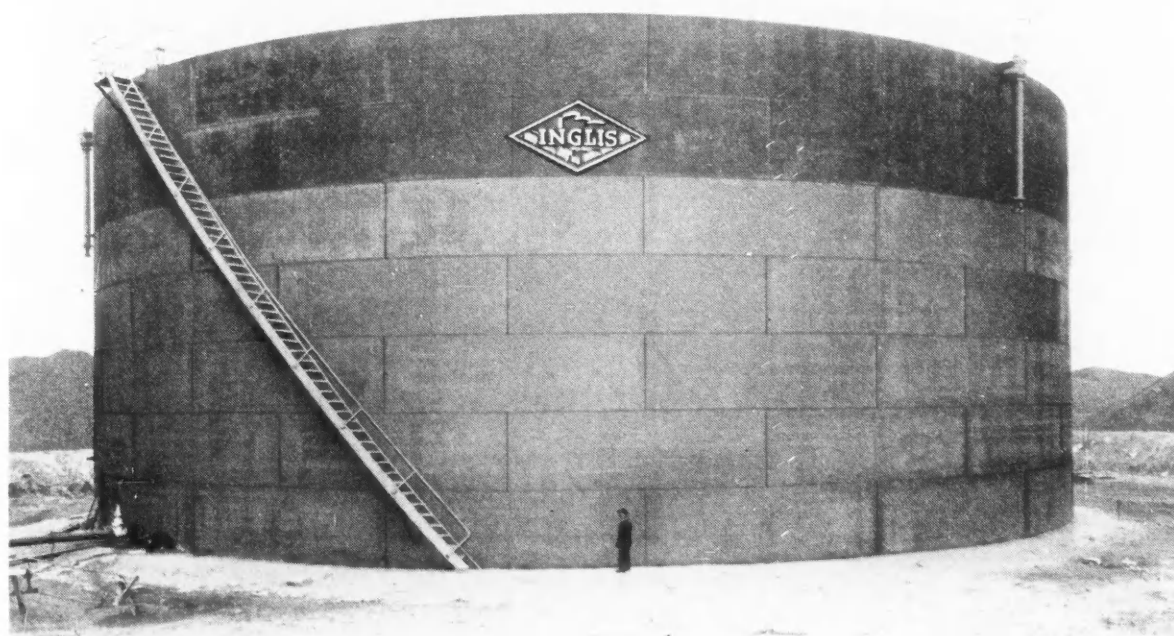
HEAD OFFICE
TORONTO, CANADA

Germany's Losses

On the brighter side of the picture, too, there are the losses suffered by the Germans, which with their lengthening communication lines must steadily reduce their striking power. A good check to excessive gloom over the Russian situation is to consider . . . what the situation might have been had Hitler never attacked Russia at all, or Russia never fought. As a result of the magnificent Soviet resistance a couple of million of Hitler's best soldiers and no small part of his machinery of war have been put out of action, and immense quantities of supplies drawn from his war cupboard. There is nothing hypothetical about this. It has happened. If Hitler likes to consider the difference between his situation today, and his position after the capture of Crete, only 3½ short months ago, as a great victory, then let us hope he keeps on pursuing such victories, for they will surely be his ruin, as they were Napoleon's.

Nevertheless, though Hitler has lost many of his best troops, planes and tanks, if he were still able to drive the Russian armies right out of the field this fall by a series of hammer blows, our prospects would be a good deal less rosy than they are today. He would have a large part of his army free for his Middle Eastern campaign this winter, and to meet any landing of ours in the

GASOLINE FOR VICTORY!



NOAH'S ARK WAS A ROW-BOAT compared to this gasoline storage tank, built by INGLIS for an oil company. Height, 40 feet, diameter, 102 feet. Its capacity runs into big figures, too—59,000 barrels.

Because of Canada's increasing need of vital war materials, this writer outlines the set-up of the Government's War on Waste, points out the necessity of registration under the War Charities Act, and discusses the first two objects of the campaign.

Some startling figures concerning our national waste are cited, with some unexpected ramifications of the plans to curtail it.

Canada's National Salvage Campaign has four main objectives:—to save raw materials, to raise money for war purposes, to give everybody on the home front a chance to help win the war, to inspire a spirit of national thrift.

Join Canada's War on Waste

BY L. W. J. CROYDON

HAVE you joined Canada's National Salvage Campaign? If not, you're not pulling your weight in the Community.

This, according to Hitler, is "Total War"—which means that every individual in the country has his part to play in defeating the enemy, that even the little children can do their bit.

So, if you've not already joined, enlist now in Canada's War on

Waste. If you can't be a gunner in the front line, you can at least be the man (or woman) behind the man behind the gun.

It has been conservatively estimated that Canadians carelessly throw away something like twenty-two million dollars' worth of usable material annually. Just imagine, \$22,000,000 being thrown on to dump heaps, into

furnaces, and otherwise allowed to deteriorate!

To continue such waste in wartime would be a national crime, so on April 14, 1941, Canada's War on Waste was launched by the Department of National War Services, under the direction of the Honorable James G. Gardiner. This wasted wealth is now to be reclaimed and mobilized for War Service. The Supervisor of the drive is Mr. William Knightley.

The plan is simple. The Government is enlisting the co-operation of all existing voluntary organizations, such as the I.O.D.E., Women's Institutes, local Red Cross Groups, Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, and men's Service Clubs. Local Salvage Committees are being set up all across the Dominion. In this connection the National Committee points out that "Any Organization appealing to the public for funds or for kind (which includes salvage) for war charity purposes must be registered under the 1939 War Charities Act."

This registration costs nothing but postage. If your group is not so registered, do not delay. Write at once to Dr. E. W. Stapleford, Director of Voluntary Services, Dept. of National War Services, New Supreme Court Bldg., Ottawa.

Copies of the Act and necessary Registration Forms will immediately be sent, to be completed and signed by the proper officials of any organized group. This registration has a two-fold purpose: (1) public protection, (2) to gather statistics of the amount of money raised for war charities, and the use to which the money is put. The Department is very anxious that all groups shall co-operate in this matter of registration.

Co-ordinating the efforts of these voluntary groups is the National Salvage Campaign Office (address as above), which sends out pamphlets with suggestions to local committees, supplies posters and other advertising matter, and generally acts as a clearing house for specific salvage problems.

If your Community has not yet set up a salvage committee write to the Ottawa headquarters for leaflets with suggestions for organization.

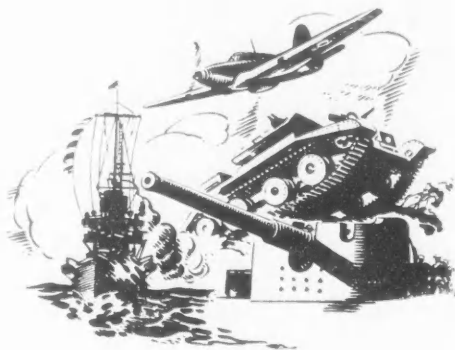
Saving Millions!

It has been stated that there is no serious shortage of raw material in Canada at the present time, but it is not generally realized that in normal times we annually import into the Dominion about a million dollars' worth of waste paper. Bags to the amount of four million dollars and scrap steel and iron valued at over ten million dollars are also imported. If we can salvage waste to supply this domestic need it will be serving a dual purpose. It will not only reserve the supplies of new materials available, but it will also conserve a huge sum in foreign exchange, thus enabling us to build up a reserve with which to purchase other more vital war requirements, such as ships and planes and tanks.

It's amazing the value that war gives to all sorts of things that previously were considered valueless, or merely a nuisance, to be got rid of as speedily as possible. But when one considers the appalling cost of war, and the thousand and one new demands it makes on available materials, it is easy to see the necessity for conserving and using every possible piece of "scrap" or "waste", which will save the cost of new material.

You'll be surprised, when once you start your own individual campaign, to find how many things you've regarded as absolutely valueless, have a high salvage content.

For instance, there's the little matter of odds and ends of electric wire and fittings to be found around almost any Canadian home these days. These seemingly useless scraps of wire contain valuable copper, which, when stripped of insulation, yield 1.3 pure copper metal and may be sent



FOR SHIPS, PLANES, GUNS, TANKS

A QUARTER BILLION DOLLARS

To win this war Canada must buy munitions as well as produce them; Canada must have dollar balances from export trade. In this, as in domestic trade, the Pulp and Paper Industry plays an outstanding part.

The industry's exports are currently running at a quarter of a billion dollars a year—sufficient for Canada to

- outfit completely 2½ armoured divisions
- build 122 ocean going freighters of 9,300 deadweight tons capacity
- purchase 2,000 modern bombers, or
- meet for 4 years the nation's bill for crude oil from the United States

Pulp and paper is Canada's greatest single source of foreign exchange. Newsprint alone has been a greater producer of dollar balances than mined gold, wheat or nickel.

TILL VICTORY IS WON

The industry is also producing essential war materials—pulp for explosives, wrappings and containers for munitions and food, boards for housing the active services, paper to do the nation's business, newsprint to sustain a free press.

Many men from the Industry are now overseas. Others, in the industry's machine shops are making "bits-and-pieces" for the heavy armament industries and are training new workers to increase this flow of supply.

The industry is proud of the part it is playing, but it is conscious of what has still to be done. In the opening days of the war, it gave its pledge of all-out support to the nation's war effort. Only when victory has been finally won will the pledge have been redeemed.

THE PULP AND PAPER
INDUSTRY OF CANADA
872 SUN LIFE BUILDING MONTREAL

straight back to industry for immediate use.

Collection of this valuable "waste" is one of the chores of the voluntary salvage workers. They pick up these "odds and ends" around the home, remove the wiring from old houses being demolished, from factories being remodelled and enlarged, and receive contributions from telephone exchanges. But that is only the first step.

The next step is sale of these small lots to the junk dealer who has storage facilities. The money thus raised goes to swell the local War Charity Chest.

When the junk dealer accumulates a truck load, (about six tons) he sells it to the salvaging company who has special equipment to reclaim the valuable metal, a process which borders on the miraculous. First, the insulation has to be removed by burning at a controlled heat. Most insulation is self-burning, but asbestos requires the help of oil or wood.

The burning process over, the swirls of wire are removed with a fork; the pure metal is then available. A load of six tons of insulated wire produces a little more than two tons of metal. This reclaimed metal is then piled into enormous jute bags, shipped to refinery where it is melted into ingots, and returned to industry. At present day raw copper prices it can readily be seen how great a saving this already-refined metal is to the Government.

Even now the full salvage story has not been told, for the ashes shaken from the wire contain copper sealed off by the heat, of which 10 to 15% is reclaimable metal. These ashes are loaded into barrels and sent to the United States, (to pile up our credit there) since Canada at present has no plant for this particular process.

A Thousand Planes

The value of old aluminum cooking utensils may be judged by the fact that there is just about enough aluminum used in cooking utensils every year in Canada to make a thousand aeroplanes. An equal amount is used in the production of electric transmission lines; still more is used in the form of foil for wrapping cigarettes, chocolate bars and similar things. The Canadian Government has, therefore, put the manufacture of aluminum cooking utensils on the "prohibited list," in order to conserve this metal for the manufacture of warplanes, and has instituted a drive to salvage all outworn aluminum domestic utensils, tooth-paste tubes, milking machine parts, cigarette and chocolate foils, and old aluminum lithographing and offset plates, such as clutter up many printing plants and offices, and will never be used again. Many offices also have zinc and copper plates lying around. The Government can use these too but they should be kept separate from the aluminum, when sending them in to the salvage committee, to eliminate unnecessary sorting.

Today, one of the "Street Cries of Old London" is by way of becoming a Canadian industrial classic, for the cry, "Yankee old bones, any old bones" goes up in an ever-crescendoing chorus. Before the War, Canadian factories annually imported tons and tons of bones. Yet every year Canadian housewives throw an equal, if not greater quantity, into the garbage cans and dump heaps. It makes one think, doesn't it?

Now these bones are more than ever needed to be transformed into such vital necessities as glue for airplanes, shell cases, A.R.P. requisites, camouflage paint, fertilizer, and even cattle food. The grease which is extracted from them produces glycerine for explosives. The only difficulty is to get bones enough. It is calculated that if every household contributed even two ounces a week, a vast amount of valuable material would be made available for the Government. So keep your bones in a separate, covered receptacle, and turn them over to your local Salvage Committee. Even Fido can help the cause by unearthing his old bones, for they are still useful, even after he has finished with them.

The second objective of the campaign is also worthy of considera-

tion. Every organization today needs money for war purposes. Here is a scheme by which money can actually be raised and at the same time, the material collected can be utilized to prosecute the war.

Perhaps your organization plans to educate a local soldier's child after the war, or your church intends to assist one of the bombed-out churches of Britain, by setting aside a certain sum each week or month in a special fund for the purpose. In

such cases purchases of War Savings Certificates from the proceeds of your sale of salvage will prove a good investment.

Scrap iron, lying in vast quantities, round many Canadian homes and farms—old bed springs, old bicycle frames, old harness, worn out lawn mowers, leaky boilers, and agricultural tools, may be sold for sufficient to purchase a 500-pound bomb for Berlin or Berchtesgaden, if invested in War Savings Certi-

ates; and your fund will be considerably increased by the time it is needed. So great are the ramifications of this Save-to-Win campaign.

On the other hand, your Committee may wish to concentrate on raising funds to present the Government with a Spitfire, a mobile kitchen, an ambulance, tank or some other definite piece of war equipment. If you can do this, do you know that the Government will send you a report from time to time, on what "your"

ambulance, "your" mobile kitchen, or "your" bomber is doing?

We have all heard of how Hitler's Gestapo agents pry into the homes of their own people and those of the unfortunate occupied territories. So, if we don't want the German Gestapo poking their infamous noses into our homes, it behooves us all to "gestapo" our own garrets, cellars, barns, outhouses and garages, in search of "waste." In short, let us "Save scrap to scrap Hitler."



Next stop...England 2,200 miles away

TIME is priceless when civilization is at stake. Shipment of planes is too slow and uncertain. Dismantling and reassembly wastes time and effort. So new bombers are being ferried to Britain in an unceasing stream. Delivery flights of over 2,200 miles have been completed in 7½ hours. Ferry pilots following the same course taken by Alcock and Brown in a crude bomber, 22 years ago. Far different from the spectacular achievements of the past are these unheralded flights of so common occurrence today.

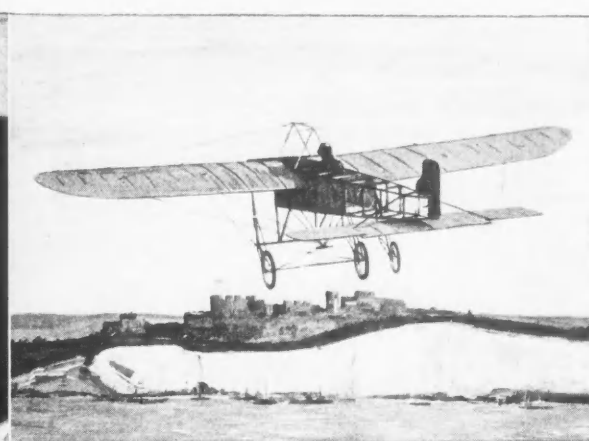
But modern aircraft engines are better, more reliable. Horsepower per pound of weight has been increased by

engine designers and by parts manufacturers such as Thompson Products. Silicon-chromium valves, developed by Thompson Products, have boosted full-throttle block tests from 50 hours to 300 hours. Thompson sodium-cooled aviation valves often serve efficiently for 4,000 hours before replacement is necessary. New types of Thompson fuel and booster pumps are helping bombers and pursuit ships climb to higher and higher altitudes.

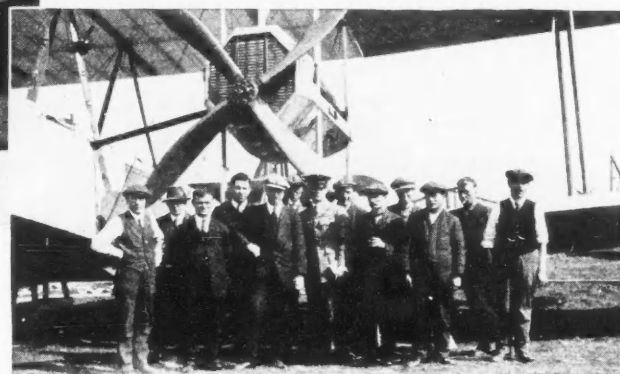
When the final "V for Victory" is written, Thompson Products through their close association with the aircraft and automotive industries will be proud to have played a part, faithfully and well.

A LINK IS FORGED: The "Yankee Clipper", powered with Wright Cyclone engines with Thompson valves, linked the old and new worlds on its initial flight, May 21st, 1939, and regular trans-Atlantic mail and passenger

service became a reality. A dream had been richly fulfilled. Those who find a significance in numbers will note that the great milestones on the road to man's conquest of the air came in years of striking similarity: 1909, 1919 and 1939.



THE CHANNEL IS CROSSED: An automobile accessories manufacturer by profession, Louis Blériot made flying his avocation. In 1907 he took a few hops in the air and by the following year had increased his distance to one mile. On July 25th, 1909, he took to the air in his monoplane from Calais, France, with the cliffs of Dover as his goal, completing the 20-mile flight across the English Channel in 37 minutes. His triumph received world-wide acclaim.



AN OCEAN IS CONQUERED: Ten years later, in 1919, the scene shifts to Newfoundland where on June 14th, Alcock and Brown climbed into exposed seats in a Vickers-Vimy wartime bombing plane and took off for Clifden, Ireland. Hour after hour they flew doggedly on, fighting every inch of the way, until Alcock grabbed his navigator's shoulder and excitedly shouted: "Land!" The first non-stop Atlantic flight had been accomplished, a distance of 1890 miles in 16 hours. Today, Ferry pilots are covering this same part of their course in 6 hours. In group photo above, taken just before the flight, the late Sir John Alcock appears fifth from the left. Sir Arthur Whitten Brown, in uniform. Also shown is their Vickers-Vimy machine.

THE THOMPSON TROPHY, one of the most famous awards in connection with aeronautical advancement, symbolizes that indentity between Thompson Products and many of the greatest flights in aviation history. Today, the entire resources of the Thompson Products Companies are dedicated to Britain and over 8,000 "Thompsonites" are now producing aircraft and automotive parts.



THE progress which has taken place in the last fifteen years in the scientific, as distinguished from the emotional, study of the history and demography of the settlements of French racial origin in North America is nothing short of astounding. It is true that it has gone hand in hand with a very considerable increase in our scientific knowledge of the history of other racial elements in the population; but considering that the French are the oldest, and next to the British certainly the most important, of the races which have contributed to the development of North America, the scientific study of their history had received very little attention up to the last war, and most of that attention had been conferred upon it by historians who were not of French birth and language. Prior to 1920 a book such as "Les Canadiens Français et Leurs Voisins" would have been quite inconceivable. It is the latest addition to the series issued by the Carnegie Endowment under the general editorship of Professor J. T. Shotwell; it is entirely written by a group

WEEK TO WEEK

France in America Today

BY B. K. SANDWELL

of French-Canadians, headed and to some extent directed by Mr. Gustave Lanctot, Canadian Archivist; and it is so far from being the least interesting volume of the series to date, that it constitutes very convincing evidence of the rising cultural level of French Canada. In its literary style particularly, which is charmingly free from the "jargon" indulged in by many of the contributors to this series who write in English, it is a model of clarity and vigor.

MANY even among the professional students of North American history are going to be surprised, on reading this book, at the extent and

importance of the relations and reactions between the French and the other elements of the North American population, from the earliest days of English settlement down to the present time. There are seven papers, of which three are by Mr. Lanctot and will probably be generally ranked as the most important in the book, though for myself I found the paper of Mr. Jean Bruchesi on the influence of American ideas upon the politics of Lower Canada between 1820 and 1867 fully as fascinating. The three remaining papers are somewhat more specialist in character; that of Mr. Raymond Parent dealing with the contacts of French and English in the St. Lawrence Valley before 1763, that of Mr. Benoit Brouillette dealing with the role of French-Canadians in the fur trade, the exploration of the continent, and the establishment of missions between 1763 and 1846, and that of Abbé Georges Robitaille dealing with the religious expansion of the French-Canadians in the United States. Mr. Lanctot's papers deal with the relations between Acadia and New England up to 1763, those of Quebec and the American colonies from 1760 to 1820, and those of Quebec and the United States from 1867 to 1937.

MR. LANCTOT'S last paper, since it deals with what is practically the present time, will inevitably attract the most attention, and should be published in an English translation even if the rest of the volume has to be left in French. Mr. Lanctot finds that the attitude of the French-Canadians in external affairs is that of a North American continentalist. "As distinguished from the English Canadian, who has a mother country in Europe, the Quebecker, separated from France for a century and a half, has become an autochthonous continentalist, like the Americans themselves; nothing interests him nationally outside of his own frontiers. He has also another North American attitude, in that he experiences a certain degree of impatience at the spectacle of these European nations who are ruining themselves in rivalries of armament, while he, without fortress and without army, has been able to preserve a century-old peace with his neighbor." There is a further interesting point that while Quebec is of all the Canadian provinces the most devoted to the Monroe Doctrine, and to international co-operation with the United States, it is also the province which has most successfully resisted the political attraction of the United States. "Remaining thoroughly French, the mentality of the Quebecker differs essentially from that of the American. The latter is gregarious, positive, practical and fond of innovations, the former is individualistic, tolerant, theoretical and traditionalist. Also the Quebecker objects to a regime of mechanical uniformity, standardizing even the citizen, his culture and his morals. He has no sympathy for the idea of reforming men by the exterior means of prohibitive law. . . . Finally, he cannot conceive of a civilization without the discipline of a religion with a God with whom man can commune and from whom he can receive aid."

IT IS impossible to read this volume without noting a curious circumstance, which may not be without its effect upon our political life down to the present day. This is the absence of any word in the French language which will clearly designate a "Canadian" of any kind without regard to his racial origin. The word "Canadien" means a French-Canadian and nothing but a French-Canadian. Something, I feel, should be done about this, and it can only be done by our French-speaking fellow-Canadians themselves. It must be extremely difficult to feel oneself a full member of a national

community when one has no word with which to designate such a member, and the only national name at one's disposal designates a member of a much smaller and more particular group.

Another regrettable practice of French-Canadian historians is that of designating all English-speaking Canadians as "Anglo-Canadiens". This has the unfortunate effect of suggesting a much closer connection with England than exists in the great majority of cases, for the group to which it is applied includes the Irish, the Scots, and practically all those "foreigners" who have acquired a

working knowledge of the English tongue and intend that they and their descendants shall be incorporated in that portion of the Canadian population which does not use French as its primary language. The expression "Canadiens de langue anglaise" is admittedly cumbersome, but I think "Anglo-Canadien" should be reserved for persons of definitely English (not Scottish or Irish) racial origin. The French language seems insensitive to this important distinction: it is odd, for example, that British Columbia should be represented in that language by "Colombie Anglaise."

BE CAREFUL!
Before You Sign That Lease



IT'S going to be *your home*, so be sure, before you sign your lease, that life in your new home will be pleasant, restful and comfortable.

Make sure that the water lines deliver from each faucet an unrestricted flow of clear, sparkling water; make sure the roof is sound, free from leaks caused by rusted metal flashings; and make sure all eavestroughs and downspouts are free from rust breaks; and check the hot water storage tank and screens.

Failure, due to rust, of any one of these vital services will mean inconvenience and annoyance to you and your family.

You will be happier if your new home offers the very real protection that rustproof metals afford. Look for a plumbing installation of copper tube or brass pipe; a hot water storage tank of non-rust Everdur metal; flashings, eavestroughs and downspouts of rustless copper; and screens of durable bronze wire.

Send for our Free booklet, "Copper, Brass and Bronze Throughout Your Home." Use it as a guide whether you are renting a house or an apartment. Especially, if you are building your own home, follow its counsel.

ANACONDA
Copper and Brass

Anaconda
Copper & Brass

MEN Under 55 Years—

Here's Something SPECIAL for You

WE have had letters from men saying they "never knew we had a MONTHLY INCOME PROTECTION PLAN", and asking "why haven't you told us about it?" So we are telling the readers of *Saturday Night* about our plan to GUARANTEE a man's income, by which plan we send him a cheque for \$200., \$100., \$50., or whatever sum he provides for, every month during the period he is laid up by Sickness or Accident.

THIS GUARANTEED salary or wage protection is a wise precaution for every man who is earning a living and whose wife and family depend on his earnings to keep a home.

EVERY reader of *Saturday Night* who is a wage-earner or on salary should ask himself—"What could I do if I were laid up by Sickness or Injury and my salary or wages should stop?" It's a startling question but one that every man must answer.

THE real answer; the wise response, is to mail the COUPON in this advertisement NOW, asking for information about our MONTHLY INCOME PROTECTION PLAN.

THERE is no obligation. Send in the coupon and we will consider it a privilege to send you the information FREE. DO IT TODAY.

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Dear Sirs:—Please send me without obligation whatsoever, full information regarding your Income Protection Plan.

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BRITISH SHOES

Through good times, bad times, peace and war, the quality of Church shoes has been scrupulously maintained.

OWENS & ELMES

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Co-operation For Peace

BY HENRY SOMERVILLE

THE religious world of Britain is in travail with a hope of unity whose realization would have far-reaching consequences. Whether there shall be birth or abortion now depends on delicate negotiations proceeding between Catholic, Anglican and Free Church (non-Episcopal) leaders who have been temporarily associated in the movement known as the Sword of the Spirit.

The movement originated from a celebrated national broadcast given by Cardinal Hinsley, Archbishop of Westminster, in December 1939. The Cardinal intended no more than an inspirational address to witness to the Christian and spiritual values which depended on the defeat of Nazism. His Eminence quoted from the last chapter of Ephesians the military metaphors of St. Paul on the struggle against the spirits of wickedness in high places, and the employment of "the sword of the spirit which is the Word of God." The keynote of the address was struck in a passage saying: "I am convinced that Britain has engaged in this war in the main in defence of the things of the spirit. She has taken up arms in the cause of justice and freedom. They who take the sword from lust of power or for racial or party aims shall perish. Against such, armed force may justly defend and protect our country and the rights of nations. Yet in the end the 'sword of the spirit' will alone convert unjust assailants and recreate peace and good will."

Conditions of Peace

The Cardinal's broadcast was acclaimed by Christians of all creeds as a magnificent statement of the British case from a religious viewpoint. The speech suggested to a group of Catholics in England the desirability of a continued crusade among their co-religionists to educate them in the spiritual issues of the war. Christopher Dawson, a distinguished philosopher, was the literary spokesman of the movement, and a valiant and vivacious young lady, Miss Barbara Ward, a sub-editor on the *Economist*, was its secretary, chief organizer and, it may be said, its spearhead.

Leaders of the non-Roman Catholic Churches in England greatly admired this crusade combining religion and patriotism, elevating the national cause to a high religious level. Pro-

Not so long ago, Cardinal Hinsley, Archbishop of Westminster, made an address inveighing against wickedness in high places and using the term "the sword of the spirit which is the Word of God".

It was an address intended to delineate the spiritual issues of the War.

The speech suggested to a group of Catholics the desirability of a continued crusade among their co-religionists to educate them in the spiritual issues of the War.

The society formed is known as the Sword of the Spirit. Whether it is to continue as a society combining the peace efforts of all religions, or as a purely Catholic society, is a problem which still remains to be settled.

testants gladly attended Sword of the Spirit meetings and soon there were Protestant clergy and laity being invited as speakers.

Another event had operated to bring Catholics and Protestants on a common platform. The fact may be stated by a quotation from the Penguin book, "Christianity and World Order," by Dr. G. K. A. Bell, Anglican Bishop of Chichester: "To my mind the most fruitful contribution to reconstruction is that contained in the allocation of the Pope to the College of Cardinals, delivered on Christmas Eve, 1939, setting out the five fundamental conditions of an honorable and just peace."

Dr. Bell summarizes the Pope's Five Peace Points as follows:

1. Equality of rights to life and independence for all nations.
2. Disarmament all round.
3. An international institution both for guaranteeing and for revising the peace settlement.
4. Adequate attention to the demands of nations and populations and racial minorities.
5. Behind everything the spirit which gives life and authority.

After expressing his opinion that if the Pope's Five Points could be accepted and applied the whole prospect of a new world order and genuine reconstruction would be immensely advanced, the Anglican Bishop quoted further words of the Pope which he interpreted as "an invitation to non-Roman Christian leaders to work out together and to uphold the common ground."

Five Additional Points

Twelve months passed after the Pope's speech to the College of Cardinals and Cardinal Hinsley's B.B.C. speech when on December 21, 1940, there appeared in the *London Times*, supported by a strong leading article, a letter jointly signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of York, the Moderator of the Free Church Federal Council and Cardinal Hinsley, declaring acceptance of the Pope's Peace Points and setting forth five other points dealing with social reconstruction: (1) extreme economic inequalities to be abolished; (2) all children to have equal educational opportunities; (3) the family as a social unit to be safeguarded; (4) the sense of a Divine vocation to be restored to man's daily work; (5) the resources of the earth to be used as God's gift to the whole human race.

There was a spectacular development of inter-Church co-operation in May of this year when meetings were held on successive days in the Stoll Opera House, London. Cardinal Hinsley was chairman at one meeting when the chief speaker was the Anglican Bishop of Chichester while at the other meeting the Archbishop of Canterbury was chairman and the chief speaker was a Roman Catholic. The General of the Salvation Army

and the heads of churches in Armenia, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland and Czecho-Slovakia were on the platform at one or both meetings. Each meeting was ended by the recitation of the Lord's Prayer and the singing of the National Anthem.

Catholic Vote Control

These two meetings had been arranged by the Sword of the Spirit organization, which was still under its original committee of Roman Catholics, nominated by Cardinal Hinsley. Protestants were becoming members of the organization, presumably with the expectation that they would eventually have representation in the governing committee. However, the organization had adopted a constitution last Easter, to come into force at the first annual meeting in August, limiting membership with voting rights to Catholics.

Reports of this first annual meeting are to hand and it is apparent that the secretary, Miss Barbara Ward, is very unhappy about the exclusion of Protestants from voting rights. She anticipates resignations but she hopes for some agreement between the representatives of the different Churches. In her report as secretary she says negotiations are going on, they are "naturally confidential and delicate since it is essential that all sides should state their difficulties with complete frankness. The talks are not unpromising and they point towards co-operation and have been conducted in an atmosphere of the greatest goodwill and charity."

Whatever degree of co-operation may result the Sword of the Spirit movement will be carried on by Catholics. Cardinal Hinsley said at the annual meeting last month that the movement has spread to America, Mauritius and Africa; it has 15,000 members in the Royal Air Force alone and in the Army more than 20,000.



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IN OUR language "Guinea Pig" has become a term in its own right, quite apart from the furry little animal that shares laboratory honors with the white rat. Everyone has some idea of the guinea pig's scientific role in all manner of things are tried on it before human lives are risked. But how are the tests made? What is the modern guinea pig called upon to do?

This is a front line despatch about a small garrison of guinea pig heroes, who have done something important. It happens to be about tuberculosis, too. But you must overlook that. If you have the White Plague, or know anyone who has, read this guinea pig story calmly. Don't expect to hear marvellous news of a T.B. cure, now or six months ahead.

Ever since sulfanilamide and later miracle drugs (s-thiazole, s-pyridine) startled medicine with amazing cures of deadly infections, millions of sufferers have been silently asking this question: if chemicals will kill even the frightful spirochete of syphilis, can't something beat T.B.?

At the famous Mayo Foundation three men lately took that query into the labs. Doctors Feldman, Hinshaw and Moses, noting reports that sulfa drugs did affect the course of

SCIENCE FRONT

These Little Pigs Went to Mayo

BY H. DYSON CARTER

tuberculosis in animals, chose a fresh compound and set out on a new trail. The trouble with such drugs is that they must be given in stiff doses. And to have any effect at all on T.B. the dose would have to be kept up for a long time. But sulfa drugs are very bad as a permanent addition to the diet. They tend to weaken the patient, a most undesirable business in T.B. From this vicious circle the Mayo men sought to escape.

They got hold of a new sulfa compound. Not only a tongue-twister, but a back-breaker. It was "the sodium salt of P.P'-Diamino-Diphenyl-sulfone-N,N'-Dextrose sulfonate." The assorted dots and dashes being unpronounceable even by chemists, the stuff has been vulgarly abbreviated to "Promin". All your reporter has been able to figure out is that

Promin is a fourth cousin of sulfanilamide, with some sugar in there where it says Dextrose. "Promin" does not even vaguely sound like "the sodium salt of P.P'", but we are too grateful to make an issue of that. Maybe Promin was chosen so as not to scare the guinea pigs.

For a start, fifty little pigs came to Mayo. All papa pigs, in prime condition. Just as well they didn't know the mission they were drafted for. All those guinea pigs were doomed.

Doctors Feldman, Hinshaw and Moses planned this kind of a campaign: thirty pigs were going to be given Promin in their food, twenty were not, and all would be infected with tuberculosis. Then the doctors would watch and wait until every last nibbler died at his post.

Ration Plus Promin

The animals were dished out one of those Balanced Rations called rabbit chow, plus some syrup. Along with this chompin' stuff the thirty martyrs swallowed their Promin; enough each day to keep the drug up to therapeutic concentration in the blood. When life in the laboratory garrison had settled down to normal, all fifty guinea pigs stepped forward and took a shot of what they call at Mayo "H.37 RV". Which is the serial number of a high powered tubercle bacillus.

The disease took hold quickly. Two pigs died in the seventh week. All who did not get Promin were in the morgue at the end of twelve weeks. But by that time only six of the Promin-eaters had passed away. Thirteen of them lived on for twenty-four weeks, when they were killed in order to be examined in the way only a Pathology Department can.

This experiment was definitely unsuccessful. Although only one of the Promin-eating guinea pigs showed progressive tuberculosis, compared to six untreated animals, many of the Promin-eaters died during the test. The cause? Stomach trouble. Severe gastritis and colitis. Trouble similar to that encountered with other sulfa drugs.

At this point the Mayo men refused to put Promin back on the shelf as a too-bad-it-didn't-work drug. Their pathologists, not content with post mortems (okay Doc, necropsies) on the Promin-fed pigs, took a look into all the other deceased. To the horror of the dietitians it was revealed that the "balanced ration" chow was not so balanced. It was so bad that many pigs from both groups had died of stomach lesions.

More Guinea Pigs

Tsk-tsk. The best of us forget our vitamins, don't we? The Mayo doctors prepared to call up another class of guinea pigs. But this time leafy vegetables were added to the menu.

Before we consider latest tests, let's note that apart from the unfortunate stomach trouble, Pathology reported impressive differences between the progress of T.B. in the two groups of animals. Still, Promin would have been labelled a too dangerous poison had the dietary cause of death not been discovered in time. Saving Promin from the scrap heap was the big achievement of those fifty test pigs.

Eighty more animals took part in the next run. Twelve of them served as controls; they took a shot of "H.37 RV" but no Promin, and the experiment went on until all of them had died. At the end of that time examination of the Promin-fed guinea pigs (some dead, many living) revealed striking facts:

Seventeen out of twenty pigs who got Promin for two days before T.B. inoculation showed no sign of the disease. Seven out of eight who started the drug same day they got the

germs were likewise free of symptoms. And so on, through seven groups, until even those pigs who didn't get Promin until six weeks after infection were almost all free of tuberculosis involvement.

Compare these health figures to that for the pigs who got no Promin: only germs: ten out of twelve showed extensive, progressive tuberculosis!

If you prefer your statistics straight, here are the facts boiled down: the test lasted 189 days when all the guinea pigs without Promin were dead, while 84 per cent of those eating Promin were living.

Survivors Gained

Not only that. The surviving animals gained weight and showed signs of healthy normality. Admitting that the data for the test (detailed examinations of many body issues) are not yet completed, the Mayo doctors conservatively point out, "It is clearly evident that in those animals that received Promin, regardless of whether the drug was given before, at the same time as or weeks after tubercle bacilli were injected, the expected course of the disease was unmistakably altered. . . . It seems logical to conclude that Promin exerts a definite therapeutic effect."

But Promin is a poison. After death, "cured" test pigs showed serious signs of the drug's toxicity. Just the other day the American Medical Association was told that a Promin dose safe to human beings had been worked out. Nevertheless Doctors

SIREN

WHEN she turns the glamor on. When she wickedly tries To captivate your Don Juan Right before your eyes,

When she listens to your lad With a rapt expression, Instead of getting fighting mad Lady, take a lesson!

MAY RICHMOND

Feldman and Hinshaw sternly warn against drawing any optimistic conclusions. Promin is not a weapon against the White Plague.

Those hundred-and-thirty little pigs that went to Mayo and never came back did give tuberculosis sufferers one bright ray of hope. Science writes the epitaph like a line of quiet, dignified poetry: "The observation that an established infection of guinea pigs with a human strain of tubercle bacilli can be modified to the advantage of the host lends confidence to the belief that eventually a chemotherapeutic agent may be found that will exert a favorable effect on tuberculosis infections of human beings."

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The Battle of Threadneedle Street Has Begun

BY JACK ANDERS

MR. HAROLD LASKI, the scholar and politician, once remarked England has twice been invaded by the Normans and is still chafing under the yoke. By the second Norman "invader" he meant Mr. Montagu Collet Norman, Governor of the Bank of England.

It has been said that the importance of the Governor of the Bank of England is second only to that of the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom. Added to this the fierceness of the struggle of ideas which is being waged in Britain over the post-war economic structure, it is no exaggeration to say that the future of the world depends in part upon the decision concerning Mr. Norman's office. For Mr. Norman will be seventy in November, and it is widely assumed that he may be asked to retire. There is no age limit for Governors, but it has been a rule which the directors of the Bank have imposed upon themselves that Governors should not be over seventy. The Governor is elected by the Court of Directors for a term of one year. Mr. Norman has continuously been re-elected since 1920.

He hails from old banking families. His grandfather on his father's side was a director of the Bank for fifty-one years, until 1872; he declined the governorship in order to retain his independence. His grandfather on his mother's side was a director of the Bank for thirty-nine years, until 1905; he was Governor from 1885-1887. Mr. Norman joined his father's firm, Brown, Shipley & Co., in 1890, spent several years with the New York banking firm of Brown Brothers & Co. (later Brown Brothers, Harriman & Co.), and after his return to England became a partner in Brown, Shipley & Co. in 1900. In the Boer War he won the D.S.O. Then he rejoined his firm and was made a director of the Bank of England in 1907.

Mr. Norman's long tenure of office has two reasons. One lies in circumstances and the other in his personality. The directors of the Bank are usually partners in private banking firms. And in a time like that since the end of the First World War, when nationalization of the Bank has been a postulate of influential political parties, it has been deemed wise not to emphasize the privateness of the

Mr. Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, will be seventy in November, and it is possible that he may have to resign.

The faction that opposes his continuation in office is led by a man "who may truly be called one of the greatest minds living," Mr. John Maynard Keynes.

The importance of the decision cannot be exaggerated as Mr. Norman and what he stands for is an obstacle to carrying into fact the promise of Point 5 of the Churchill-Roosevelt declaration.

Bank of England by constantly appointing private bankers to be rulers of an institution whose extreme national importance is obvious.

Although the Bank has introduced many innovations during Mr. Norman's term, his governorship has fundamentally been conservative from both the financial and economic viewpoints. It is therefore no wonder that Liberals and Laborites see their chance in Mr. Norman's reaching the biblical age. Labor, of course, demands nationalization of the Bank, and as this is still a more or less long-range postulate, it looks as if in the approaching decision Labor is throwing in its lot with the Liberals. Their camp is led by a man who may truly be called one of the greatest minds living, Mr. John Maynard Keynes.

John Maynard Keynes

Mr. Keynes is fifty-eight. At the age of twenty-two he entered the India Office, but left it two years later to become a lecturer in economics at Cambridge University where his father had been a professor of economics. At thirty he was made a member of the Royal Commission on Indian Finance. In 1915 he joined the Treasury and from 1917 to 1919 was its principal clerk. As such he became the Treasury's chief representative of Versailles

but resigned very soon, convinced of the hopelessness of the economic and financial broth that was cooked, and wrote his famous "Economic Consequences of the Peace."

Considering the present problem there is, apart from the far-reaching importance of its solution, great irony in the situation. One of the worst debacles in British economic history was the premature stabilization of the pound in 1925. It took place when Mr. Churchill was Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Norman Governor of the Bank of England, while Mr. Keynes, to use his own words, "croaked like a Cassandra who could never influence the course of events in time."

There was nothing wrong with the idea of stabilizing the pound on its pre-war level. But there was everything wrong with stabilizing it at the time it was done. Although the main part of the fault for choosing the wrong moment lay with Mr. Churchill's then departmental advisers, Mr. Norman cannot be acquitted of having yielded too easily. Accordingly Mr. Keynes' pen which is as sharp as a rapier, dealt comparatively mildly, though none too mildly, with Mr. Norman; but on Mr. Churchill it heaped not only blame but epithets.

Since the resignation of Neville Chamberlain Mr. Keynes has held a position of paramount importance in the Treasury; it is not possible to say whether he received it through the insistence of Mr. Churchill or that of the Liberals to whom he has always been bound by close ties. Anyway, the present struggle for the governorship of the Bank of England takes place between partisans of two men, one of whom bears a great responsibility for having acquiesced in Mr. Churchill's being fooled into the disastrous course of 1925; whereas the other must recall equally embarrassing memories to the Prime Minister, although in other respects Mr. Keynes has paid tribute to the human and statesmanly greatness of Mr. Churchill.

One of the outstanding characteristics of Mr. Norman is his taciturnity. It is significant of the struggle which is going on behind the scenes, and of his intention to carry on, that Mr. Norman—who as far as publicity goes has almost made an alchemist's laboratory of the Bank—has recently appointed a public relations officer! And then there are his charm and his persuasiveness. Once they had a strange political consequence. When Mr. (later Lord) Snowden, a Laborite, was made chancellor of the exchequer, he very quickly forgot his postulate of nationalization of the Bank. He had met Mr. Norman. And he poured forth eulogies that must certainly have been distasteful to that shy gentleman. Says Mr. Keynes who never minces words (though in a different connection): Mr. Snowden was "endowed with a more than normal share of blindness and obstinacy."

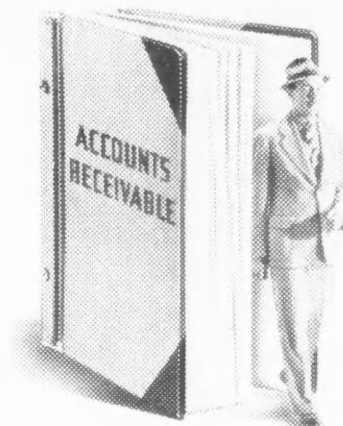
Break with Tradition

But Mr. Norman is not mean. To compensate Snowden he inaugurated the Bankers' Industrial Development Company which was controlled by the Bank of England. It was to provide credit for the rationalization and reconstruction of industries. This was indeed a revolutionary breach with the Bank's tradition. However, it is not Mr. Norman's taciturnity which has prevented the outside world from hearing that the company has given any credit to anyone. And all that Snowden in fact received in return for giving up one of the fundamental principles of his life was a dazzling smile from Mr. Norman.

To make an industrial bank out of the Bank of England, and to make it assume other responsibilities which it has hitherto not borne, is one of the essentials of the future; one of the essentials for carrying out the promise of Point 5 of the Churchill-Roosevelt declaration. It is not belittling Mr. Norman if one says that he, and what he stands for, is an insuperable obstacle in the path of the necessary change.

The issue can best be summed up in these words of Mr. Keynes which might have been written for the present occasion, but which were actually written immediately after the stabilization of 1925: "The truth is that we stand mid-way between two theories of economic society. The one theory maintains that wages should be fixed by reference to what is 'fair'

and 'reasonable' as between classes. The other theory—the theory of the economic Juggernaut—is that wages should be settled by economic pressure, otherwise called 'hard facts,' and that our vast machine should crash along, with regard only to its equilibrium as a whole, and without attention to the chance consequences of the journey to individual groups."



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Arrival in England of a group of Canadian editors to look over conditions there recalls the fact that in 1918 a similar but larger party of Canadian journalists spent a couple of months in Britain, with the Grand Fleet and with the allied armies on the Western Front.

The story of that trip is here told by Mr. F. D. L. Smith, a member of the party and himself an outstanding figure in Canadian journalism.

Mr. B. K. Sandwell, editor of *Saturday Night*, is one of the group now visiting England.

THE current visit of leading Canadian journalists—one of them Mr. B. K. Sandwell, editor of *SATURDAY NIGHT*—to Great Britain recalls a similar and more extensive tour made by Canadian publishers and editors toward the close of the last war. The present group crossed the Atlantic by plane in a few hours—a journey which consumed nearly two weeks by steamship in 1918, the pioneer trans-Atlantic jump by Allcock and Brown being still a feat of the future. The writers now in Britain are there as guests of the British Council, a voluntary public service body devoted to Empire and world service. The earlier group of twenty-three years ago travelled on invitation of the British and French Governments and were guests of these governments while they were abroad.

The purpose of these tours is obvious. Journalists who visit the heart of Empire are thereafter in a better position to write understandingly and helpfully of the war situation. The expedition of 1918 was the idea of Lord Beaverbrook, Canadian-born Minister of Information, who organized it as part of a plan to bring newspaper men from all the Dominions and the United States to the main war zone, to have them visualize the scene, and grasp the seriousness of conditions at the Front. I have always thought that this departure was precipitated by the "break through" of the German army east of Paris in March, 1918. The Allied leaders appealed to their people back home to gird themselves for another eighteen months of fighting, which they deemed necessary to final victory. It so happened that the enemy collapsed suddenly a couple months after the Canadian writers got home, but the tour was well conceived nevertheless.

When the party assembled in New York to board a ten thousand ton Canadian Pacific liner, somebody noted that there were twenty-six present—twice thirteen; that we were to sail from pier 58 (5 and 8 make 13); that we were to sail in a convoy of 13 troop ships, mostly large English passenger vessels carrying 30,000 United States troops. The voyage occupied 13 days but despite the prevalence of this unlucky number, all of us returned safe and sound. The most serious accident that occurred was that suffered by a western editor who in dodging a bursting shell became entangled in barbed wire and tore his trousers.

Paging Mr. Merryweather

I myself had an amusing experience at the office near the New York docks where we all went to have our Canadian passports visaed. My 25 colleagues were put through the mill in quick routine fashion. I alone was held up. Two or three officials asked me questions plainly answered on the passport probably in the hope of tripping me up on some point. Then I was asked if I had ever been in Washington, when I was there last, and if I knew a Mr. Merryweather there. I told them of my last visit to the United States capital and that I had never heard of Mr. Merryweather. The officials seemed surprised at that last statement, and took me around to another office where I was put through a repetition of the same quizzing by senior officials, who like the others seemed intent upon connecting me with Mr. Merryweather of Washington. Finally I was handed my passport and allowed to go.

Canadian Editors in the War Zone

BY F. D. L. SMITH

The sequel came late the same night, when after I was aboard ship a man of my general appearance, wearing spectacles and a navy blue bow tie like mine turned up at the gang-plank, tried to go aboard, was arrested and taken away. Obviously the authorities had received instructions to look out for a certain man, whose appearance tallied with my own. My friends jollied me, an ultra Imperialist for falling under suspicion as an enemy spy. Never

to this day have I been able to learn anything about the mysterious Mr. Merryweather.

We left New York late in the month of June, 1918, when German submarines were active pretty close to the Atlantic coast. We were escorted to sea by destroyers and dirigibles. From the outset our thirteen big steamers crowded with stalwart American soldiers, marched across

the ocean in three parallel lines, shepherded by British warships ahead of us, behind us and on both flanks. The voyage across the open Atlantic was without incident, though we were uncomfortable in our heavy life-preservers, which we had to wear all the time. I shall never forget that morning upon which, as we neared the south west coast of Ireland, wisps of smoke appeared at three points on the horizon, smudges on the sky line, which rapidly took

definite form as British destroyers rushing to join our escort. A British hospital ship had been sunk in St. George's channel a few miles ahead of us, with a number of wounded and nurses aboard. So on wireless advice from the Admiralty, our big convoy veered northward up the west coast of Ireland, and even to the latitude of the Orkneys, where we turned south and came down the inside island channel on the Scottish coast, and so into the Irish Sea, and

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Liverpool—all the while protected by dirigibles overhead and a considerable number of fast destroyers, which hurried hither and thither, occasionally taking a pot shot at some target unidentified by us.

London in 1918

We found London living under blackout conditions with searchlights flogging the sky for enemy planes and Zeppelins. Here and there were evidences of ruin from bombs. Some damage had been done on the Thames embankment. The three-storey office building of Horatio Bottomley's newspaper, John Bull, had been gut-

ted to the basement and much glass had been broken in Covent Garden market, but one had to hunt for indications that the Huns had ever been overhead. The devilish, destructive power of the airplane had not begun to be realized. Traffic went on pretty much as usual except that it was greatly diminished in volume. We were supplied with meat coupons and little bags of loaf sugar, which we carried about with us. The Londoner who sat on my right at the Lord Mayor's banquet in the Mansion House (magnificent gold plate and all) to Sir Robert Borden, produced a little gold case of saccharine tablets for his coffee.

Our program in England included a gracious reception of our little party at Buckingham Palace by their Majesties King George V and Queen Mary, and the Princess Mary, who was then a charming girl of 17 or so. There were lunches and dinners and conferences at which we met Premier Lloyd George and the members of his Cabinet, and especially Mr. Winston Churchill, who showed us the first of the tanks which were invented by the British, and used to good effect in a limited way in the last half of the war. We were amused to learn that these invaluable engines of war were called "Land ships" because they had been

developed under Mr. Churchill, as First Lord of The Admiralty. Responsible army officials at first had refused to have anything to do with the invention, which has become such a powerful factor in the present conflict. We drove out to a suburb of London, inspected these original tanks, and enjoyed rough rides in some of them.

With the Grand Fleet

Our experiences included flights over London in airplanes and some of us went up in seaplanes in the English Channel. Our next visit was to the Grand Fleet, in the Firth of Forth,

where we were received by the Admiral on board H.M.S. Malaya, presented by the inhabitants of the Malay States, after the Liberals in our Senate vetoed the Borden Government's proposed gift of three Dreadnoughts to strengthen the British Navy against a growing German menace. We ate haggis and drank the finest Scotch with the Provosts of Edinburgh and Glasgow, and inspected H.M.S. Hood as she neared completion in John Brown's shipyard on the Clyde. Only a few weeks ago, that great vessel went to a noble end in Icelandic waters. Lack of space forbids even brief reference to munition plants which we inspected in different parts of the country. Suffice it to say that the whole population, men and women alike, was backing up the fighting forces in true British fashion even as today.

On the Continent we were successively guests of the British, Canadian, French and Belgian armies, dining or lunching at divisional headquarters, meeting and talking with Sir Douglas Haig, the British Commander-in-Chief, Sir Arthur Currie Commanding the Canadian Corps, and other Allied chiefs. I enjoyed the privilege of an hour's conversation with Sir Arthur Currie shortly before the last 100 days in which the Canadians so greatly distinguished themselves as a spear-head of the allied attack on the Hindenburg line. When I was introduced in Paris to Clemenceau, Premier of France, he observed "I cannot speak English. I cannot even speak American" and then proceeded to converse fluently in both tongues. Poincare, President of France, we found much less colorful than the old Tiger, who a few years later, and almost with his last breath railed against Marshal Foch. While we were in battered Ypres, the Huns destroyed the light railway on which we had entered the city, so that we had to walk to comparative safety while the enemy continued to drop big shells a few hundred yards to our left.

Pétain at Verdun

Our three days and nights with the garrison of Verdun enabled us to see Pétain, who won his spurs in his gallant defence of this old stronghold which was originally laid out by Vauban, the famous military engineer employed by Louis XIV in his wars against Premier Churchill's ancestor, the great Duke of Marlborough. Little did we think that Pétain would ever abandon France to the Huns. At the time of our visit to Verdun the garrison of several thousand men lived in galleries quarried out of a solid mountain of rock like Gibraltar. Arras was being shelled when we arrived there, so we took to the famous catacombs under the wrecked city to continue our journey to the front line trenches. Amiens had been evacuated of civilians at the time of our visit in preparation for the final drive of the war.

Paris, we found a very dismal place, and after nightfall the home of Egyptian darkness. A shell from the German Big Bertha 40 miles to the north had killed a number of kneeling worshippers in a famous old church and the city had not recovered from the shock, which it suffered on the near approach of the Hun hordes at Chateau Thierry.

We made the return journey from Britain aboard the famous luxury liner Aquitania, whose lovely interior fittings had been torn out to increase her capacity as a troopship. The destroyers accompanied us some miles to the south-west of the Irish coast, then our fleet vessel "ran for it" on her own, unaccompanied. She was garishly camouflaged in the comparatively unscientific manner of the first war, and heavily armed fore and aft, gun crews constantly scanning the horizon. We zigzagged all the way across the Atlantic and into the harbor of New York. One of our chief sensations on going ashore was surprise at the quantity and luxurious character of the food offered us.

All the members of our party reached home early in September greatly impressed by the fact that once more as repeatedly down through the centuries Great Britain was proving herself the chief buttress and mainstay of civilization and Christendom.



WAR MACHINES—"Tools to Finish the Job"—are simply and truly, in the highest sense, a salute to the valor of our fighting men our sailors, our soldiers and our airmen. Made from the resources that have served our peaceful life these war machines are nothing more than that—nothing less.

This Corporation does not take to itself any particular patriotic merit in using its vast productive power to help bring Victory. With Victory, peace will come again and the security that gave us the time, the skill and the resources so useful now in time of war.

The engineering resources, the manufacturing experience, the plants, the machines, the vast army of skilled men of all ranks, that enabled us to serve the gracious living of our time, are the gift of our civilization to us and to you, the people.

It is fortunate that these resources which served to put a nation on wheels are now doubly useful in building the tools of war. *But to use them for this purpose is simply giving back to our freedom something of what our freedom has given to us and to you.*

In performing the tasks that have been given to us we have no thought of sacrifice. That is a word which can truly be applied only to those civilians who endure the rain of destruction from the skies and to our sailors, soldiers, and airmen who are, or will be, on the fighting fronts.

And so, we offer these "tools to finish the job" as *our* salute to the valor of our fighting men—our sailors, our soldiers and our airmen.

THE MEN OF THE NAVY, THE ARMY AND THE AIR FORCE



Part of temporary quarters for making flying suits. Foreground is E. R. Hinchey who has been with the company for 37 years.



Key workers must train new personnel in war tasks. Helena Brown, left, has been with Deacon's 36 years, B. Buckley, 22 years.



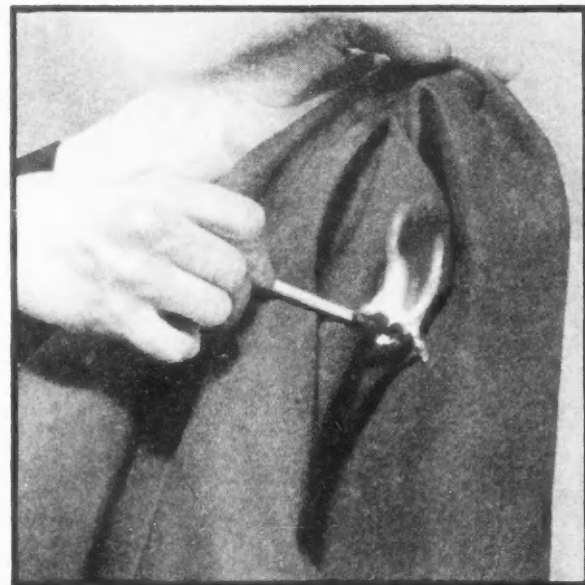
"... a heated suit to keep the body at blood temperature" for stratosphere flying.



Quilting Kapok for flying suits' interlining. Known as "sewn air", quilted Kapok will float 26½ times its own weight in water.



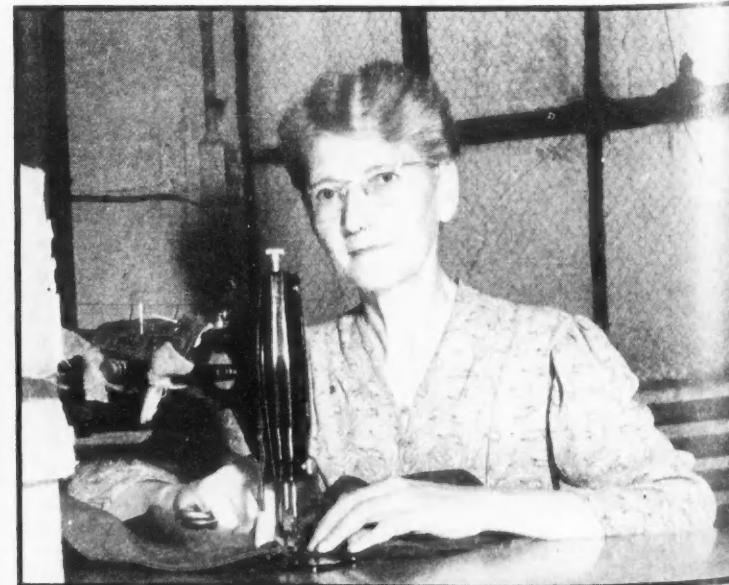
Assembling the 36 parts of "Aerocord" which makes up the outer garment of a modern flying suit. It is a very durable fabric.



Impregnated with a special chemical "Aerocord" will scorch but will not burst into sudden searing flame.



Joyce Woodhouse, 17, who is teaming with veterans to turn out flying suits for the Royal Canadian Air Force. And...



... one of the veterans is Margaret Gerrow who has followed the profession of seamstress for the past twenty-five years.

FLYING SUITS FOR THE R.C.A.F.

IN A country like Nazi Germany, if you want to have an industry that will produce things that are needed in war, you go ahead and establish an industry that will produce things that are needed in war, even while you are busy assuring every other nation that you have not the slightest intention of ever going to war.

In a country like Canada you can't do things that way. The oddest accidents have determined whether Canada should or should not have certain industries which have turned out highly useful for the production of things that are needed in war.

In the quiet city of Belleville, Ont., there is an industry which—without the slightest idea of getting ready for war—has more and more specialized in the manufacture of sports clothing. As a result of this specialization, this industry is now one of the chief sources in the world of clothing for use in high-speed and high-altitude flying.

CHIEF among the materials employed by this industry before the war was the famous Grenfell cloth which was originally made for Sir Wilfred Grenfell's work in Labrador—a blend of American and Egyptian cotton very tightly packed in the weaving, and so constructed that when the wind blows against the face of the cloth the little apertures between the threads close up, and when the pressure is decreased they open again and allow the heat of the body to escape. This was obviously an ideal material for winter sports. It is now the fabric of the outer layer of the inner suit of the Air Force flying uniforms. It permits the wearer, when overheated, to cool off gradually instead of exposing him to sudden

chill from outside as is the case with leather or sealskin garments, which retain the heat of the body until the cold strikes through.

The inner lining of this inner suit is a durable fabric of cotton and rayon or artificial silk whose chief function is to let the garment slip easily over the pilot's uniform. Between

BY LUCY VAN GOGH

these two fabrics is an interlining known as Tropal, which is quilted Kapok or Java Grass. The fibres of the Kapok are hollow and surrounded by wax, and hold an astonishing amount of air; the quilted Kapok has been described as "sewn air." It is chemically treated so that while it will burn or smoulder it will not burst into flame, and when immersed in water it has such buoyancy that it will support more than 26 times its own weight for a period of 1200 hours. The flying suit made in Canada contains more Kapok than the flotation waistcoat of the Imperial Airways.

The outer suit of the flying equipment made at Belleville is of a very durable fabric specially created for the purpose and known as Aerocord. This is made from an exceptionally strong three-ply tightly twisted yarn treated so as to be fireproof. The weave is porous to allow the heat of the body to escape, in accordance with the advice of the medical branch of the British Air Ministry.

Research and designing work are going on rapidly in connection with two forthcoming developments in flying clothing. One of these is the supply of supplementary heat for stratosphere flying; an electrically heated

suit to keep the body at blood temperature no matter what the outside temperature may be. Suits for this purpose are already in use, but extensive improvements are under way.

The second development is the incorporation of both parachute and parachute harness in the flying suit itself, along with flotation gear to keep the wearer afloat if he descends on water. The newest type of flotation gear has both mouth inflation and automatic inflation from an air cartridge.

THE problem is always to increase the comfort and the security of the flying man without unduly increasing the weight and bulk of his equipment. This is merely an intensified form of the problem with which the Belleville industry in question—the Deacon Shirt Company—has been contending for many years in its sportswear work. Many of the workers have been with the company for most of their lives, and others who had left it have returned in response to the demand for a greatly increased output of its products. The spirit that animates these people is typified by the two women workers who now motor in some twenty miles to work on the late day shift and continue to do all the ordinary women's chores on a large farm to the north of Belleville of which the husband of one of them is the operator. They told me that they had worked in this way not only throughout the past summer but through most of the preceding winter, and had only been held up twice by weather conditions; they had taken on the job because they were experienced at this sort of work and felt that there was no other way in which they could "do their bit."

THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY ROBERTSON DAVIES.

Autobiography -- Good and Bad

THE MAN ON MY BACK, by Eric Linklater. Macmillan. \$4.00.

LAST MAN AROUND THE WORLD, by Stephen Longstreet. Macmillan. \$4.00.

ERIC LINKLATER is one of the most entertaining of modern novelists; one or two of his recent books have fallen below his usual high standard, but there are signs that this is a temporary bad spell and that he will soon be back in as good, or perhaps better form than before. Certainly this autobiography, *The Man on My Back*, is one of the best things he has ever written, though, like all autobiographies written by men who have not yet reached middle age, it lacks form.

Linklater's distinguishing characteristics as an author are his humorous pedantry, his amiable bawdry and keenness of his satire. Where he acquired these qualities is clear to the reader of his autobiography. He is a pedant because learning is his favorite sport, and a humorous pedant because he knows well how feeble a thing mere learning is, unfortified by experience of life. He is bawdy because he loves mankind and because, to a man of great learning, few deceits are worth preserving; scholars who love their fellow-men are the most ingenious enemies of Mrs. Grundy. He is a satirist because, in the last Great War, he saw enough of death to make him impatient with the denial of life in which most of mankind passes its weary days. Linklater is one of the most eloquent of modern humanists. I can recommend his autobiography highly to those who have enjoyed his novels, and to those who are unacquainted with his

work I recommend this book as an excellent introduction to it.

STEPHEN LONGSTREET is Eric Linklater's opposite number. He knows very little, although he has a considerable amount of information at his disposal; he is that painful type, the author who cannot hold his learning like a gentleman. He tries his best to be bawdy, but he is a bewildered puritan at heart. He wants to be satirical, but he succeeds only in being sentimental.

Longstreet went on a tour of the world shortly before the present war; hence the title of his book. In *Last Man Around The World* he publishes a journal of that voyage. Perhaps he thought his method pithy; it could also be described as disjointed. Under such headings as 'Mad Dogs And Englishmen' and 'Nachtlokal Dancer At Ulm' he gives us scraps of description and opinion. His own statement of the theme of his book is: "here are a lot of fine people, having a fine time and all around them the world is going to hell in a hack and they don't seem to care." Actually, Mr. Longstreet describes the voyage of a group of alcoholic numskulls who are incapable of caring about anything; it is not surprising that the author was glad to return to the U.S. where, apparently everything was to his taste. If he finds the world so disconcerting, perhaps it would be wiser not to travel in future.

You will like Mr. Longstreet's book if you are interested in the responses of a bewildered adolescent who wants to appear as a smart-alec in print. The volume is admirably illustrated with Longstreet's own drawings, which are very good.

students, and there may even be some of the latter, of recent vintage, who know little of a man who died in 1917.

Very little theological writing survives into a second or third generation, but some of that of William George Jordan is managing to do so. No one in Canada did more than he to mitigate the results of the impact of modern science upon the somewhat too crystallized religious views of the later part of the 19th century. The lecturer who dealt with him says: "The real reason why there was never any great storm in the Presbyterian Church in Canada, such as rocked the Scottish Church during the Robertson-Smith trial, was the power of Jordan in the pulpit." He was an immensely powerful influence in religious education, and in 1919, when a committee of the General Assembly recommended that "Hebrew should be made an optional subject in the theological course," Jordan was the only college professor who opposed the motion, and he won his point.

The status of a university depends almost entirely upon the calibre and quality of the men, never more than a small proportion of its total staff, who can be truly called great.



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MADE IN CANADA

Of Empires and Their Builders

BY S. C. EASTON

BUILDING AN EMPIRE, by L. Lamprey. Stokes. \$2.50.

NO LIFE FOR A LADY, by Agnes Mowley Cleaveland. Allen. \$3.75.

EACH of these books is concerned with the building of an Empire, but the similarity ends there. Mrs. Cleaveland's book is alive and personal; it is in the best sense stimulating, and at the same time increases our knowledge and understanding. By contrast Mr. Lamprey's seems to me at least, to be like the ramblings of an ancient in an arm-chair, without enough spirit in it to quicken an eager Boy-Scout. I have no fault to find with his facts and some of his researches into by-paths of history will have for many readers a certain charm of novelty. It is only his intolerably discursive method that is so wearying. His theme, presumably is that the British Empire is alive because it was never planned, but just grew by itself out of a feeling for human rights. But he never either states it implicitly, nor allows it to state itself. He just wanders along, devoting a few pages to the ancient Briton, a chapter to Louis XIV, another to Talleyrand, another to certain ifs of the American Revolution, and yet another to militarism in Germany. I cannot see that he gets anywhere by this. The subjects in his presentation seem to be too unrelated to each other to hold the attention, and I must admit to have had difficulty in pursuing it to its unremarkable end.

MRS. CLEAVELAND'S book deals with the building of the American West, written from the standpoint of the cattle baron, a very rare thing since these gentry have not been noted for their articulateness. The author's brother was almost the last of the breed and he lost his kingdom before the end of the book, to die in overstuffed luxury, as he called it.

And here at last is the authentic cowboy, a type surely romanticized

beyond almost any other, yet incredible enough even in his reality. Pig-headed and conventional, sensitive beyond all reason, so that he couldn't even build a potato cellar lest he demean himself, always terribly naked in spirit because he simply dare not show fear or everyone on the range would know it, he is an astonishing and symbolic figure, truly representative of an era that has gone for ever. This is a rich and rewarding book; none could surely be better worthy of the "Life in America" prize which it has won.

About Professors

BY LUCY VAN GOGH

SOME GREAT MEN OF QUEEN'S, edited by Principal R. C. Wallace. Ryerson Press. \$1.50.

QUEEN'S University, which is this year celebrating its centenary, claims five great professors and one great principal if the present volume is to be relied upon. These six men were all commemorated during the past year by public lectures, the text of which is now published in this little volume. The heroes are Principal Grant and Professors Watson, Dupuis, Cappon, Jordan and Shortt. Three of these men died, all at an advanced age, in 1939; the others considerably earlier. Had Dr. Skelton not been still living when the lectures were delivered, there can be little doubt that he would have been added to the list.

There are some kinds of excellence which bring a man great fame, and others which do not. It is a great thing to be an excellent husband or father, but it does not get one into history. Nathan Fellowes Dupuis was a very brilliant mathematician, and so good a teacher that the late W. L. Grant wrote of him: "He was the only perfect teacher I have ever known, and I have studied under John Watson and Edward Caird." Nevertheless his name will be new to most readers who were never Queen's

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Below, Naomi Campbell, daughter of Sir Gerald Campbell, British Minister to the United States, and Lady Campbell, is shown with Catharine Carlisle, a member of Miss Campbell's Debutante Committee, examining Spode Beakers, which she presented to the British War Relief Society at a "Thumbs Up" Garden party on September 13. Samuel Agar Salvadge, honorary chairman of the British War Relief Society accepted the Beakers. Designed especially by Spode, the Beakers will be sold throughout Canada. The Queen's Fund has been named the beneficiary of all sales made in the Dominion. Left, a close-up of Spode's attractive Beaker.



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THE BOOKSHELF

Tales About Time

NO ONE WILL KNOW, by E. M. Delafield. Macmillan. \$2.75.
PENNY TO SPEND, by Dorothy Cowlin. Nelson. \$2.50.

BOTH these novels deal with time in unusual ways; both are tales of English life and character; both are better than most of the novels which are appearing at present.

In *No One Will Know* E. M. Delafield elects to tell her story backward. Her theme is the effect of a tragedy upon a family. First of all we meet the grandchildren of the participants in the main action; they are pleasant but feather-brained young people, whom we find travelling for pleasure in the South of France in August, 1939. Then we meet their mother, Callie Lemprière, and learn of her life during 1910-14. Finally we meet Fred and Lucian Lemprière, two wealthy Creole brothers, and Rosalie Meredith, whom they both loved, in the years between 1872 and 1901. Thus, little by little, the family disaster is disclosed.

Unfortunately, the disaster is not quite big enough to warrant so much suspense. But the author is clever in establishing the atmosphere of the three periods of her story, and has made an unusually pleasant and entertaining novel. Such tragedy as

that which fell upon the Lemprières is shattering enough in real life, but in a novel one cannot help wondering what all the fuss is about. Despite this weakness, the novel is first-rate winter fiction.

DOROTHY COWLIN has written an unusually good first novel. Her tale is that of a woman who loved two men and, by an odd trick of time, she is permitted to know what her life would have been had she married either of them. Miss Cowlin's conclusion is a wise but unromantic one: her heroine would have been equally dissatisfied with either of her men. Her destiny is implicit in her own character.

The author has very sensibly not made her heroine a woman of great wealth or intelligence, and her two men are, the one a stonemason and the other a photographer. This is a tale of ordinary life, told with great economy and skill, and the one improbability the means by which Prunella is able to have two lives—is cleverly managed. The book is one of the most ingenious that has been written about the relativity of time and I can recommend it. After such an excellent beginning we may expect a number of good novels from Miss Cowlin.

Novels of Unusual Merit

BY A. F. GERALD

HIGHWAY TO VALOUR, by Margaret Duley. Macmillan. \$2.50.
THE SUN SHALL GREET THEM, by David Rame. Macmillan. \$2.50.

IT IS a tribute to Miss Margaret Duley's power of characterization in *Highway to Valour* (Macmillan \$2.50) that, although Shiela, who "led second-meeting in prayer," and her French husband Pierre Michelet are cut off by the tidal wave early in the novel, we remember them faithfully to the last page and would gladly meet them again, especially the genial Frenchman. We meet other characters: their daughter, the heroine, Magella, described by her father as "sheer, like grey chiffon"; her lover Trevor Morgan, an Englishman who realizes that there is "no aggravation like the hide-bound distinctions of England"; her aunts, who are not English but are certainly aggravating: hard and efficient, narrow with their own importance, like big frogs in little pools; their father, old Captain Dilke, able and understanding; Mrs. Langley, grand with the effort of being something she was not; harassed and harassing Mrs. Kirke and her good-hearted cynical servant Moira. They are delineated with a sure and skilful hand. Their setting is Newfoundland, which the author both loves and hates; its primitive people, apart from the cities, "so full of acceptance," its box-like houses without architecture, the glory of its light and color, the torment of the wind, the sea in all its cruel splendor. With Miss Duley's gift of imposing her characters in a few words (there is a clergyman here who remains in the memory although he is dismissed in a sentence) we may confidently look forward to more fine work from the same pen.

STYLE is described as knowledge tinged with emotion, that concrete personal knowledge which gave their excellence, their frugal economy and vivid exactness to the *Seven Pillars of Lawrence*, the prose tales of the present Poet Laureate and to the best of Kipling's stories. *The Sun Shall Greet Them* (Macmillan \$2.50), the new novel by the author of *Wine of Good Hope*, has this genuineness. The descriptions of characters, incidents, soil and sea are given without one unnecessary word; Mr. David Rame's brief pithful sentences follow one another

with a fine precision, definite as the sound of oars in the rowlocks. The book is an account of what is now a distant yet ever-present episode in the war: the rescue of the troops from Dunkirk across the Channel, a feat which, in its cheerful heroism against uncounted odds, told all who had eyes to see that those who had done this thing were an invincible people. Brandon, in love with Frayle, leaves her, willing but still unwon, to go back again and again on the perilous mission to the French coast, until he returns wounded and half lifeless to her arms and to the welcome of her uncle, the delightfully portrayed Latteran. Throughout this vital book, instinct with the emotion of actual experience, the sense of beauty runs intensely beneath the tragedy and horror; it is permeated by an urgent love of England, "made of simple things," of the essential England which will survive with the swallows and the daffodils when the ugliness and suffering have passed.

For The Young

DURING the past few weeks several excellent books for children have been published. The least distinguished of the present group is *Make Way For Ducklings*, by Robert McCloskey (Macmillan. \$2.75); it is for children of from four to six years old, and it tells of a family of ducklings who have adventures in the city of Boston. It is lavishly, but not remarkably illustrated. Far better, and indeed one of the best books for children to appear in a long time, is *The Flying Locomotive*, by William Pène du Bois (Macmillan. \$1.25). It will do for children from four to eight years old. It is about a Swiss locomotive which, by a trick of fate, became a mere cheese-train when it yearned to be a Swiss Flyer; its adventures with Suzie, the Prize Cow, and the way in which it realized its ambition and really flew, are admirably told. The book is charmingly decorated and children are sure to like it.

For children from eight to ten I strongly recommend *Paddle-to-the-Sea*, by Holling Clancy Holling (Thor. Allen. \$2.50). It is an unusual book; a small boy carves a figure of an Indian in a canoe, which he calls

Paddle-to-the-Sea, and sets it afloat in Lake Nipigon; the figure makes its way through the Great Lakes, and at last reaches the ocean. This book is especially valuable because of the instruction it contains in geography, and because of its unusually fine illustrations.

Children and grown-ups will be glad to hear that the stories of Babar, the charming and gifted elephant, have been translated into English by Merle S. Haas, and are now published with Jean de Brunhoff's inspired pictures. *The Story of Babar, The Travels of Babar and Babar the King* are now to be had (Macmillan. \$1.50 each) and no well-read child should be without them. Make a note of these Babar books for your Christmas list, as they will please not only your children but your discerning older friends as well.

Seven Men In A Boat

BY WESSELY HICKS

TWO SURVIVED, by Guy Pearce Jones. Macmillan. \$2.75.

ON THE ink-black night of August 21, 1940, the British freighter *Anglo-Saxon* was ploughing through a choppy, easterly Atlantic swell, bound for South America. Several days before she had quit her convoy.

Suddenly out of the blackness a Nazi raider, believed to be the *Weser* or *Weber*, rammed a torpedo into the *Anglo-Saxon* and followed that fatal missile with a blast from all her armament. Pom-poms, machine guns and heavier naval guns raked and riddled the freighter. No one was to survive to tell the tale.

But seven men did get off the *Anglo-Saxon* and two of them, mere boys Robert Tapscott, 19, and Wilbert Widdicombe, 21—were to survive. They put off in the ship's egg-shell jolly-boat. Seventy days and 2,275 miles later, on October 29, 1940, their boat was grounded on a beach on Eleuthera, one of the islands of the Bahamas. They had been at sea four full weeks longer than Captain Bligh of the *Bounty*, in a much smaller boat than Bligh's and with about half the provisions carried by the redoubtable Captain.

In the boat with Tapscott—who had shrapnel wounds in his back were the ship's First and Third Officers who were unharmed; the Second "Sparks" who had a badly mangled foot; the gunner with a shrapnel-torn hip; the Third Engineer and a dim-witted second cook.

One by one these men died. With most inadequate medical supplies in the boat, it was impossible to dress wounds properly. Pilcher, the Second "Sparks," was the first to go; he died quietly at night. Renny, the gunner, dropped over the stern without a word. Then, one day, sick from the sun and the lack of water, the First and Second Officers locked arms and stepped overboard.

Morgan, the feeble-witted second cook, who had been insane for days, was the last to go. "Morgan pushed away the boat cover and got up. His expression was normal and his voice firm, clear and without the detached quality of insanity. 'I think,' he said, as casually as if they had all been home in a Newport house, 'let go down the street for a drink.'" Then he stepped over the side.

Two Survived is baldly told in reportorial style by Guy Pearce Jones, veteran newspaperman and former editor-in-chief of the North American Newspaper Alliance. It is a sketch of biography which is fascinating in its starkness, almost unbelievable in its suffering. What Tapscott and Widdicombe endured, no beast could endure. Some day someone like Nordhoff and Hall will take hold of this and fashion an epic sea yarn.

BOOK SERVICE

All books mentioned in this issue, if not available at your bookseller's, may be purchased through Saturday Night's Book Service. Address "Saturday Night Book Service", 73 Richmond St. W., Toronto, enclosing postal or money order to the amount of the price of the required book or books.

THE BOOKSHELF

For True Book-Lovers

THE COMPLETE POETRY AND SELECTED PROSE OF JOHN DONNE AND THE COMPLETE POETRY OF WILLIAM BLAKE, in one volume. Macmillan. \$4.50.

THE CONCISE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. Macmillan. \$5.00.

WHAT a pleasure it is to have an opportunity to review something which is not smoking hot from the author's pen! Here are two volumes which all book-lovers will want, and which a reviewer may recommend without an uneasy sense that he is swindling the readers who trust his judgment. Both are handsome books, and both are excellent value for the money.

Why Donne and Blake should be lumped together is something of a mystery, but there is no question as to why a new volume of Donne should be needed. Since Ernest Hemingway used a passage from one of the great Jacobean preacher's *Devotions* as an introduction to *For Whom The Bell Tolls* there has been a great demand for Donne's works, and book-shops have been hard put to it to supply the curious buyers. John Donne, the Metaphysical Poet, who has caught dust on library shelves for three centuries is now to enjoy a popular success. Here he is, with all his rough, knotty, tangled poems, some of which are great, and some of which are merely ingenious, ready to step into the popular notion of English Literature as one of the greatest contemporaries of Shakespeare and Jonson.

Can it be that Blake has been put with Donne because it was thought that both were mystics? If that is so, never were two mystics so oddly assorted. Here is Blake's complete poetry, the lyrics which are pure pleasure to lovers of great verse, and the gloomy, Swedenborgian night of the *Didactic* and *Symbolical Works*. Both texts, Donne and Blake, are from the excellent Nonesuch editions. This is a book to buy and to cherish for a lifetime.

THE task of reducing the immense bulk of the fourteen volumes of the *Cambridge History of English Literature* to the compass of one

readable book has been performed with great tact and skill by George Sampson. The writing has charm and rhythm, and occasionally wit. The author's judgments on the great ones of the past will please most scholars, but as he draws nearer to the present day he shows some strange vagaries of taste. Why, for instance, does he waste a paragraph on Charles Tennyson Turner, author of the saccharine *Letty's Globe*, when he leaves out Aldous Huxley altogether? Why give Macaulay a pat on the back, and Lytton Strachey a push in the face? And why use the adjective 'psychological' as though it were a funny word? But in a book of this size, and of such admirable quality throughout, these criticisms are captious. This book will be useful to students, but it is intended for a more discriminating and human audience. All book-lovers will find it a delightful companion to their reading.

Kansas' Favorite Son

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE; THE MAN FROM EMPORIA, by Everett Rich. Oxford University Press. \$3.75.

PRESIDENT Roosevelt within the past two years has found out what he probably knew before—that the most powerful factors in American action or inaction are to be found, not in the great cities like New York, Washington and Chicago, but the smaller centres, hundreds of relatively prosperous, self-sufficient centres, which though they may call themselves cities, are desperately suspicious of "city slickers." The phrase "I'm from Missouri," signifying reluctance to believe the facts before your eyes, comes from a state adjoining Kansas, which partakes of many of the characteristics of its neighbor. From the days of John Brown until well within our own century Kansas has been the battlefield of all the isms that have affected the current of United States politics; and its ablest and best-loved son has long been William Allen White of the *Emporia Gazette*.

In the world of journalism Mr. White has long been unique, a belated survival of the old regime of personal journalists, great powers outside their own sanctums, who really swayed public opinion. Horace Greeley, Charles A. Dana, Henry Watterson and others. In the big cities today the only personal journalists are the columnists at the beck and call of the syndicates. But out in Emporia, Kansas, the profoundly human and highly intelligent William Allen White has been saying his own say and running his own individualistic newspaper for over 45 years.

His life-story (he was 73 this year) is vividly told by Everett Rich, a prominent Kansas educationist much his junior. It is one of the most interesting in the history of journalism, and one of the most salutary in its moral implications. At an age when most young men of nature so generous as his are socialists, or at any rate disturbed over the inequalities of life, he was a hard-boiled partizan of corruption and materialism. The real value of the narrative lies in the tale of how on "the Damascus Road," he was changed into a real humanitarian, a devoted friend of the under dog, a hater of partizan politics, and as such became a greater power than he had ever been. The statesman who effected this change in him was another Roosevelt, Theodore. Roosevelt had grand material to work on; a truthful, honest, clever man, who understood the masses of the American countryside as few have done. It makes a great story, and every newspaper editor, every politician in a democratic environment and every young student of life, may find profit therein.

M for Modernity

BY OWEN MACLEAN

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD, by Patrick White. Macmillan. \$3.00.

IN ANY art, the Modern (with a capital M) artist feels obliged to dispense with some well-established and apparently essential convention. The painters and sculptors have abolished perspective and natural form. In music, the chromatic scale is hopelessly out-dated. In poetry, metre has long been a non-essential. And now I find that the Modern (with a capital M) novel cannot afford to have quotation marks.

However, at the risk of being forever branded with a V (for Victorian) or even a B (for Bourgeois), I cannot help saying that this tasteful purity, combined with sporadic attacks on syntax, makes the style of this book like a cross between a complex poem by T. S. Eliot and a Simple Story by Archibald Marshall.

But the really remarkable thing is that, in spite of these obstacles in the reader's path, one can see that Mr. White writes extremely well. Further, in one part of the book he shows a real understanding of surprisingly—children.

The story concerns a family of three, mother, son and daughter. They are well drawn, except that the mother's character is not consistent, and their story, though sometimes unnecessarily repulsive, is well told. But it was ruined for me by a comment on the jacket: "... a son who represents death, a daughter who struggles up to life, and a mother who wavers between the two." Frankly, I have no sympathy with this symbolism. I read novels for pleasure.

Mr. White is a fine writer, and it is a pity that he spoils his work by over-consciousness of the necessity of being Modern (with a capital M).

Sole Exception

BY MICHAEL RYAN

THE DARK HOUSE, by Warwick Deeping. McClelland and Stewart. \$2.50.

IT WOULD be foolish to deny that Warwick Deeping is a very skillful literary craftsman but equally foolish to suggest that he is anything else. With a practiced eye he examines what the public wants and gives it to them. He notices that stories about the medical profession are popular so he writes one. He knows that period pieces always have

a good reception so he sticks his doctor in late Victorian England. He sees that God is again becoming popular in literary circles so to the first two ingredients he adds moral struggle and behold!—a new book. Since he has done something like this some fifty times or so now he can hardly expect to cause a stir by repeating the performance.

For some reason I found *The Dark House* excessively gloomy—more crepuscular (the word is Mr. Deeping's) than the title would lead one to believe at any rate. I don't know why this should be so, though it may be partly due to a feeling that I have read all this somewhere before, but there it is. Aside from the fact that they are quite inhuman, the main

characters, Dr. John Richmond and wife, are interesting and at times even moving. The plot proceeds smoothly with a happy conclusion to the good Doctor's Life of Sin. Many of the minor characters are amusing and some are even credible. The prose is good though it does exhibit an unfortunate craving for the bizarre word. (Why are all Mr. Deeping's footmen sedulous? Is it a disease?)

To say that a story similar to this and nearly as good can be found in any slick-paper magazine is no criticism of Mr. Deeping. He gives the public what it seems to want. The public likes him and he likes the public. Everybody is happy. Except me.

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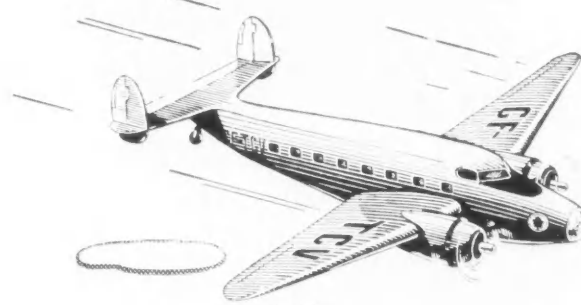
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WORLD OF WOMEN

Some Flowers For Autumn

BY BERNICE COFFEY

EVERY now and then, in a burst of creative fervor, the people at the Seven Seas Shop (Eaton's) order masses of flowers, search out the most unusual flower containers they can lay hands on, and then let their imagination run riot in all sorts of the most wonderful floral arrangements. We've never quite been able to decide who gets more pleasure from this amiable state of affairs—the Seven Seas or the customers who come to admire the finished results and swipe ideas.

This autumn's arrangements have been influenced greatly by a week-end spent in Muskoka by the Man-in-Charge who, incidentally, remarked that as his time of departure neared the Muskoka-ites were looking at him

This charming little powder room incorporates several interesting decorating ideas. Striped bamboo is used as screens along the walls and over the window. Painted roses scattered over the ceiling repeat those in design of chintz covered chair.

strangely out of the corners of their eyes as they talked quietly among themselves. He remarks that they probably regarded him with some reserve because he spent most of the time out in the woods and bogs gathering highly colored rather lethal looking mushrooms, and such "worthless" weeds as goldenrod, snowberry, grasses heavy with seed pods, bits of scrub oak and moss.

This booty of the North used with wit and imaginative wisdom is now seen in competition with such haughty well-bred beauties as roses and tall spire-like glads, but their sturdy woodsy charm does not suffer in the least. The whole point in the successful artistic use of the cultivated flowers and wild "weeds" seems

An attractive substitute for a fireplace is offered here in a cone-like hood against the wall. Under it are grouped various decorative plants and ornaments on a raised platform. A concealed light casts its radiance through the plants, and makes a charming focal point for furniture.



whole was suggested by the floral design of the antique Royal Worcester dessert set shown nearby on deep red homespun place mats.

Of equal charm was the Royal Copenhagen service in the mullein design—which had been used as the theme of the centrepiece—an extremely clever grouping of silver grey driftwood, a large yellow toadstool, mullein, goldenrod, birchbark, wild grasses, ground cedar and hemlock.

Containers ranged all the way from hand carved gilded wood wall brackets (converted indirect lights) filled with branches of scrub oak, yellow coxcomb and velvety red hawthorn berries to a picnic hamper with its lid wide open and spilling forth red maple leaves and other woods treasure. There were so many arrangements we can't begin to tell about them all—but we couldn't resist the "head and neck" of the Coy Giraffe in biscuit colored clay with fascinating turquoise horns and downcast eyes. He, she or it was placed in a huge shallow bowl of deep turquoise blue crackleware, with a necklace of tiny pink asters around her considerably more than swan-like neck.

BLOSSOMING

THE child in the blue coat Hopped joyously on slender unbent legs, Chirping on one high note, with tilted head, "Sweet, sweet—little flowers Little white flowers—sweet, sweet, sweet."

The open window framed Blithe child in blue and tiny flower-shoots, And the fired words, long sterile, that I read, Bloomed freakishly With little flowers—sweet, sweet—Smell them—sweet, sweet, sweet.

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to rest in recognizing the character of each and then using them carefully. Listen.

The pure translucent beauty of white glads stripped of their greenery is repeated in containers of opaque white glass vases shaped like hunting horns. The austere dark green of gardenia leaves, placed in among the stems of the flowers, lends emphasis.

Talisman roses spring like bright flames out of green foliage in a creamy Old English pottery vase made in leaf design with pottery leaves curling up from the base.

The graceful low lines of an urn-shaped bowl of unglazed pottery in sunny yellow are repeated in a low spreading arrangement of roses shading from pale pink to burgundy red interspersed with deep red velvety coxcombs and a few pale yellow autumn leaves spreading out from the base. The warm beauty of the whole was reflected in the homespun place mat on which it was placed. of yellow exactly matching the flower container. The perfection of match between mat and container was not a matter of luck, but of tinting the urn, originally white unglazed pottery, with yellow water-color.

With Thanksgiving just around the corner, here's an arrangement to remember: A low wicker basket filled with several cobs of corn partly stripped of their husks, a large brown coconut, red and green peppers, yellow beans—all spilling out on a dark brown homespun mat.

A Victorian ruby glass vase composed of separate cones filled with roses, grasses, bits of snowberry, goldenrod. The delicate charm of the

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Books seem to be a never-ending joy to the men in the prison camps. Persons sending books will know the preference of the recipients, but judging from opinions expressed in letters from some of the men, they are going in for serious reading. Care must be taken in the selection of books. For instance, just recently one firm received an order for some of the latest books on the war with the request that they be sent to a prisoner of war. The order was not only inappropriate but probably would not have passed the censor. Penguin books are not allowed. Text books on some work in which a man is interested are always welcomed although the British Red Cross sends some educational books.

Perhaps because they can be used for many kinds of games and tricks, packs of cards are received with joy by the men in the camps. Cribbage boards are next in popularity and then come such games as dominoes, checkers, ring and other game boards and rummoli.

As in the case of books, care must be taken in the selection of music. But Canadian men, prisoners of war, enjoy music just as much as they ever did and some of the old songs are still favorites. So far as sports equipment is concerned, balls, including footballs, are the easiest to send and are very popular.

Food, tobacco and cigarettes cannot be sent to prisoners of war by individuals in Canada. The Canadian Red Cross sends these things. But anyone may, at any time, send a special treat of cigarettes and tobacco, by placing orders with one of the four large Canadian manufacturers. Like the firms authorized to send books etc., these manufacturers pack and send parcels direct. The 11 pound limit as to weight is observed.

In giving the address of any prisoner of war to the firms sending parcels, it is first necessary to make sure the address is absolutely correct. Prisoners are sometimes moved, and while parcels may be forwarded, a wrong address delays their arrival. Don't take it for granted that an address correct last year is correct now. Verify the address with that held by the next of kin.

"Next of Kin"

Letters should be clearly written or typed and should not exceed two sides of a sheet of notepaper. On the back of the envelope place the sender's name and address. Picture postcards must not be sent. But if you want to send a snapshot of the pet pup, or a family group, go ahead. Enclosures in letters usually cause delay, so it might be best to send the snaps enclosed in a sheet of paper in a separate envelope from a letter. The letter will then likely go forward quicker. Put the name and address of the recipient and the name and address of the sender on the paper in which snaps are enclosed.

There are a great many people in Canada who have relatives, prisoners of war, but they are not mentioned as next of kin. If they can get instructions from the next of kin in the Old Country, asking them to act in their stead and to send parcels, permission will be granted by the Canadian Government to let them send the parcels.

Likewise there are a number of Canadian nationals who enlisted in the R. N., the R.A.F., and the B.E.F., who have fallen in the hands of the enemy, and who have next of kin in Canada, but of whom the Canadian Government has no knowledge. The Government is desirous of having these people communicate with the Department of National War Services, Ottawa, in order that they can be advised of the proper procedure to follow in regard to communication and parcels.

In the last war, prisoners were called "Forgotten Men." Christmas gifts, ordered early, will make the prisoners of this war feel they are "remembered" by relatives and friends in the homeland.

WORLD OF WOMEN

Shop Early for Them

BY G. IRENE TODD

DO YOUR Christmas shopping early," now has a special meaning for the people of Canada. There are always a few persons in each community, who start shopping for Christmas gifts shortly after Easter and have all the gifts wrapped by September—they even boast about it. But, as the clerks in the stores can testify, most persons leave Christmas shopping until about three weeks before the great day. War has changed that. Many persons are buying Christmas gifts now for the men on active service—airmen, soldiers, sailors, and also for civilians in Britain. Christmas has a very special meaning for a soldier away from home, and parcels and letters from relatives and friends mean much to the members of all the services—not forgetting the nursing sisters. But it is to Canadian men, now prisoners of war, that parcels are a "godsend" as one prisoner put it. Parcels to prisoners of war must be sent early.

In all cases, regulations governing the sending of parcels to prisoners of war in enemy or enemy-occupied countries must be strictly adhered to. Only next of kin can send what are known as "personal" or "next of kin" parcels, and then only once every three months. But both relatives and friends may send gifts of books, music, packs of cards, games and sports equipment to prisoners, provided such gifts are purchased from the firms in Canada authorized to pack and send gifts. Only orders for sending direct can be taken by these firms and in no case are they allowed to accept books etc., from relatives and friends for forwarding to prisoners. Parcels are limited in weight to eleven pounds, including container and are sent postage free.

Twenty-five firms have been issued permits to send parcels of books, etc., to prisoners of war. Among the firms listed are all retail stores of the T. Eaton Company Limited, the Robert Simpson Company, and the

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DRESSING TABLE

Handsome Is As Handsome Does

BY ISABEL MORGAN

IT'S rather a pity that hair-pulling is frowned on by members of civilized society—it's so good for the hair, according to Miss Tamara. Miss Tamara is a charming Russian woman who had rather a bad time of it during the Russian revolution and who is a member of Madame Helena Rubinstein's staff as specialist in the care of the hair. We met her during her recent visit to the Rubinstein Salon in Toronto when she inaugurated a course for the beautification of Canadian coiffures.

To come back to the matter of hair-pulling, the theory is that it exercises the hair and makes the roots strong. According to Miss Tamara, since we have been shearing our hair short it no longer gets the natural pull exercised by its own weight and so we must work harder to fill this lack. And incidentally that is one of the reasons, too, why there are so many bald-headed men.

One of the best methods of giving the hair its much needed exercise is by brushing it—not a sissy once-over lightly with the brush, but a firm kneading that reaches every strand and penetrates down into the scalp. Not only does this whip up the circulation so that the blood supply rushes to the scalp and invigorates the hair roots, but it helps to spread the natural oils up from the roots to the very tip of the hair shaft. Such vigorous use of the brush polishes the hair, keeping it clean and making it as glossy as the coat of a well-curried horse.

The brushing, by bringing the oil down through the hair shaft, helps to improve the natural color, too, because it gives it a darker, deeper color. Some of the chief enemies of the natural hair oils are too many permanents and very hard or salty water. Always apply a little oil to the hair before the shampoo to replenish that which is lacking.

Miss Tamara says that her observations indicate that Canadian and American women turn grey faster than do European women, and she believes it is due to diet differences. Nuts, milk, carrots and cod-liver oil are foods that exert an influence for good, and she advises us to eat more of all of them.

This Matter of Color

The appearance of white hairs is not the only thing that brings about changes in color. Hair fades like a leaf in autumn, and is either warm or drab in color. Healthy hair is beautiful hair no matter what its color and it must blend with the natural tones of the skin. Those who decide to dye or tint it should not change drastically from one color to another—they should change it just enough to give it highlights and rescue it from being drab. That is why she does not approve of blueing white hair to give it a definite blue shade. In Miss Tamara's opinion the woman who has a good skin and a young face will be at her best if she lets her hair go its natural way if it is grey. But if the skin is drab the hair casts a drab reflection over the complexion so, she says, use a good tint that resembles as closely as possible the color of the hair before it started to change color.

And if the hair has a tendency to dryness substitute a treatment for the weekly shampoo.

As for men—Miss Tamara says they use too much water on their hair. If they would use oil instead it would save about fifty per cent of them from baldness. The very best exercise for them, says she, is standing on the head. So if you see a man with a thinning thatch viewing the world from an upside-down position he's probably trying to save the remnants.



Mrs. Dwight Davis, National Director of Volunteer Special Services of the American Red Cross, visits a London Prisoners of War packing center.



Navy League workers who helped staff the exhibit sponsored by the "Canadian Home Journal" at the Canadian National Exhibition. Tickets sold on attractively set tables which formed the exhibit netted the League \$2,603. Left to right: Barbara Crawford, Ivy Cavender, Mrs. E. L. Sanderson, Mary Jane Trimble, Mrs. B. E. Denyes, Mrs. Bruce Rowden, Mary Case.



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BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

(After watching *Life Begins For Andy Hardy*, and *Man Power*.)

Time corrupts and custom wearies,
Some grow old in toil or sinning,
Some in watching the Hardy Series,
For Andy life is just beginning.

Andy's headed for Life at last,
(Take the kiddies, don't let them miss it)
For midnight meetings and girls with a Past
And ladies with latch-keys and love illicit.

Will Andy in Life's reckless morning
Scorn the prudes, defy the bigots,
Or listen to the Judge's warning
Delivered from a booth at Liggett's?

Sex is fun; but Love comes slow,
Wait for Love, though Love come tardy.

Love can set the heart aglow,
Sex can ruin Andy Hardy.

Andy's caught by watchful Pater,
How his guilty looks convict him!
(She's a switchboard operator,
Andy is her trembling victim.)

Andy's saved from fun and sin,
Cheer up Andy. Cease from sorrow,
If at first you don't begin,
Maybe you'll begin tomorrow.

Fresh from the Girls' reformatory
Comes blonde Marlene in all her glory,
(It never occurs that the wages of sin
Is to look like something the cat dragged in.)

George and Eddie are faithful pals,
Their life is hard. Their toil is grim.
And hapless Eddie loves the gals,
And handsome George, the gals love him.

There's a friendship true and clean,
Tender and fine, yet strong and earthy.
But Eddy longs to wed Marlene,
And George believes Marlene's unworthy.

"Ah never, never the wedding ring,
The fatal bond, the relation regular!"
For George thinks love is a sacred thing
But Eddie believes he'd like it secular.

Marlene is cold, but Marlene stands ready,
She knows what it means to marry Eddie.
Life without love and love without George,
Beating up biscuits and cooking porridge,
Feeling food from the Cash and Carry,
Forfeiting Life for a chance to marry.
Chaining herself to a faithful ninny
For the sake of wearing a bungalow janny.
Enduring Eddie's loathsome kisses,
All for the sake of being a Mrs.

The future's dark. Disasters hover,
And though she bravely takes the risks it's
Clear before a month is over
Marlene's as beaten as her biscuits.

Sleepless and wan and pale and weeping
She drags her desperate love from storage,
And while poor Eddie lies asleeping
She heaps it on reluctant George.

"What! wreck my home and steal my Gorgeous!"
Cries Eddie. And with brutal manner
He climbs up to the tower where
George is
And tries to brain him with a spanner.

In a high tension tower amid thunder and lightning
They clash and struggle and sway and shout,
While power lines tangle beyond all rightening
And Love blows the nation's fuses out.

Ah Life is tough on the Edward G's,
Humble and hard their fate at best.
He dies with profuse apologies
And leaves Marlene as a last bequest.

Love is ecstasy, Love is bane,
Love pursues, then turns and mocks us.
Love can be bought with passion and pain,
Or a nice matched cape of silver foxes.
Love is a game of pitch and toss,
Love is an epic by Warner Bros.
Love is the sum of life's utilities,
Love is a menace to public utilities.
Love's here tomorrow and gone to day.
Love's a headache. Take it away.



Fifty years ago Canada's women warriors may not have had the dash, nor the neat tailoring of their 1941 counterparts, but they took their duties just as seriously. This picture of the Ladies' Infantry Drill

Company of Picton, Ont., appeared in the "Dominion Illustrated" about 1890. The picture is from the collection of C. W. Jefferys, well-known historical painter. Note the grizzled drill sergeant.



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THE LONDON LETTER

The Meanest Man in England

BY P. O'D.

ERNEST BEVIN, the Minister of Labor, has always had a high reputation for courage—a thoroughly deserved reputation. Last week he gave a striking demonstration of it. Over and over again during his long career as leader of the great Transport and General Workers' Union, he has fought employers and even governments fiercely and tenaciously for what he conceived to be the interests of his organization. Last week he went down to Llandudno to the general meeting of the union, and told them a number of blunt truths that must have taken far more courage.

Stabilization of wages is one of the great bugaboos of all trade unions. The mere mention of it makes their leaders turn pale with rage and anxiety. They are strong for the stabilization of nearly everything else—prices, production, hours of work, cost of living, and what you please—but not wages. Wages are to be the one fluid thing in a stabilized world, free always to mount higher and higher. As if it were economically possible!

Well, Mr. Bevin told the members of his old union that stabilization of wages was what they were going to get, that the Government was determined to enforce it, and that he personally was all in favor of it as a national necessity—though during the whole of his career as a union leader he had fought grimly against it. There's pluck for you!

Then, as if this were not a sufficiently impressive exhibition of civic courage and duty, he went off to Norwich and served notice on the women of the country that they would no longer be allowed to play fast and loose with their engagements in war-work. If they left their jobs without sufficient reason, they would be sent back. And if they didn't go back, action would be taken against them. Furthermore, action would be taken against firms that employed them under such irregular circumstances.

So now the dear girls know. There is to be no more job-crawling for them—even if the work isn't as pleasant as they had hoped, or the foreman as nice a fellow. They may change their minds, but not their job. Which probably means that for multitudes of his countrywomen Mr. Bevin now occupies the position of Meanest Man in England, formerly occupied by Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, who wouldn't let them buy all the clothes they wanted. Mr. Lyttelton took refuge in Cairo, but Mr. Bevin is still here, burly and unperturbed. What a man!

Foolish Labor Policy

A damaged ship is better than a ship that has been sunk. But while it is in the dry-dock undergoing repairs, it is of no more use to the country than if it were at the bottom of the sea. The quick repair of such vessels, therefore, is one of the vital problems in the great task of maintaining the sea-borne traffic of the nation and the in-flow of necessary supplies. These ships must be got into commission again with the utmost possible speed.

You might think that no one outside a home for mental defectives could fail to see this obvious truth. You might think that no one, except an enemy agent, could be such a black-hearted scoundrel as wilfully to impede this vital process. You might think further that, if he did try in a time of national emergency like the present, he would be grabbed by the scruff of the neck and the slack of the pants and shot into a prison cell on his ear. You well might think so, but you would be wrong—wrong at least for this home of the free. That is not the way things are done here.

In one important ship-building area the repair of ships is being held up, because the district delegate of a trade-union will not allow men to work overtime without a special permit from him—a permit which he

grants only on the payment of exorbitant wages, far above the scale paid elsewhere. If they do work without his permission, they are heavily fined by him. This same man has also done his best to prevent the introduction of pneumatic machinery for rivetting. Where it is introduced, he insists on the retention of extra and unnecessary men—in these days of the acute shortage of skilled labor!

No Law for This

The most depressing feature of the whole depressing situation, as described in the latest report of the Select Committee on National Expenditure, is that this mischievous and irresponsible fellow is still getting away with it. All efforts to remove him or to curb his activities have so far failed. There is no law to deal with such a case as his.

He is kept where he is because there must be a good many men in his union as selfish and unpatriotic as he. And he will probably continue to be kept there until such time as they can be made to see the folly and wickedness of such conduct—conduct which is as much a menace to the real interests of trade-unionism as it is to the national war-effort.

In Germany, of course, such a fellow would be dragged off to the nearest Brown House and beaten to a pulp with rubber truncheons by way of inculcating better notions of social service. But let us not despair of democracy, however feeble and lumbering its methods may appear at times. Better that one poisonous jackanapes of this sort should be tolerated than that thousands of decent men should be subjected to tyrannous compulsion.

At the same time, one would like to see some swifter and more effective way of dealing with the slacker and obstructionist than the mere pressure of public opinion. This may be the best and most democratic method, but it takes a lot more time than we can afford to spare just now—especially when there are ships to be repaired.

Sir Winston Churchill

Some little time ago a bookseller in the Charing Cross Road, where nearly all the old books in the world seem to turn up sooner or later, unearthed an ancient volume on the Kings of Britain "from the year of the world 2855 unto the year of grace 1660." It began with Brutus of Troy—or "Brut," as the old chroniclers call him—and ended up with Charles II. Which seems a considerable amount of history to crowd between the covers of any one volume.

But it is not as history or as literature that this particular book has any value. Almost its sole interest lies in the name of its author—Sir Winston Churchill, Kt., a Devon man, born in 1620, who held various small government positions, was an M.P., and became a Fellow of the Royal Society. And the most interesting thing about the good Sir Winston was that he had three sons, of whom one became an Admiral of the Blue, another a lieutenant-general, and the third John, Duke of Marlborough.

So we come in a direct line to our own Winston, himself a historian, though of a very different character and importance to the ancestor whose name he bears, and to whom he may conceivably owe something of his interest in the subject. These hereditary instincts have a way of breaking out every now and then.

The bookseller of the Charing Cross Road, feeling that Mr. Churchill would probably value the book more than anyone else, had the bright idea to send it along to him. And now Mr. Churchill in turn has passed it on to Mr. Peter Fraser, the Prime Minister of New Zealand, who intends to auction it off in aid of patriotic funds.

Inscribed as it is by Mr. Churchill, it should be a book-collector's prize. Thus will that other and distant Winston, the scholarly old knight of Devon, continue to play his part in the defence of his country. Which seems a very nice idea all around.

Mrs. J. Lyons, right, a London woman, can literally "do nothing with her hair" which reaches this luxurious growth in a short time after it is cropped. Says she: "I've had trouble with it since childhood, and specialists can do nothing to help me."



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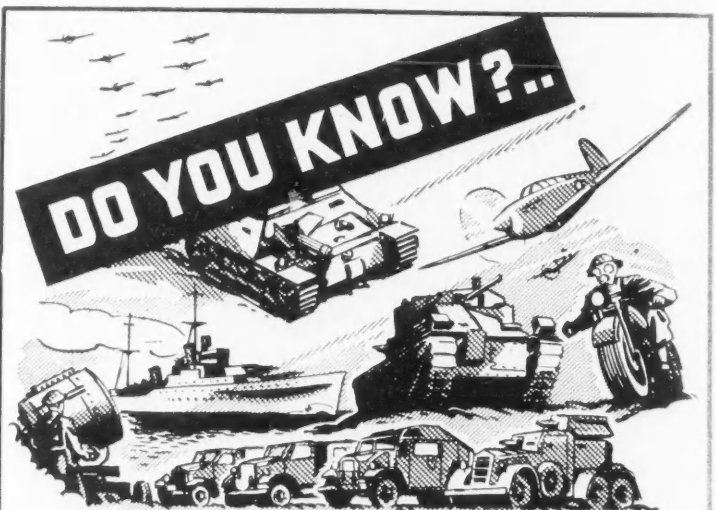
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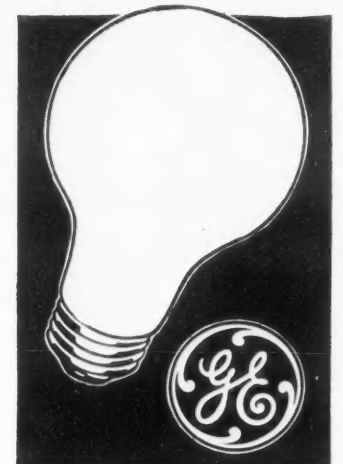


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BY JANET MARCH

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sandwich unless I'm asked to a party. Do you call that plain?"

"Oh it wasn't that sort of plain, it was an aeroplane. I flew in at three o'clock. Let's go and get near that buffet table ourselves. The men have gone into a huddle about the Govern-ment, and will come back with nothing but ham and potato salad."

It was a magnificent table. The lobsters and the gladioli vied with each other for decorative honors, the lobsters being attached to pillars of ice.

"I'll have some turkey, some lobster and a little tongue and both sorts of salad," said the flying blonde, smoothing her velvet over her very thin hips. The carver in his white chef's hat looked at her sadly and went away to get a bigger plate.

"I'm very sorry, Madam. There is no more lobster," he said.

"Oh," said the blonde, and while he carved her tongue and turkey she unattached one of the decorative lobsters, sniffed it to be sure it was edible as well as beautiful and dropped it calmly on her well filled plate. Obviously a woman of resource. There's a moral to this true story, but just what it is seems to escape me. Perhaps it's just have plenty of lobsters, or if you are having a buffet meal expect your guests to eat lots, because they always do.

Buffet meals are getting more and more popular, and I have a feeling that with the best cooks turning their hands to Bren guns and fuses instead of pastry and Hollandaise this is a form of entertaining which will grow in popularity. No hostess can pin on wings and flit between the kitchen and cocktails in the living room without getting a hectic flush of worry and hurry. But even hot buffet food can be left sitting in the oven till the last guest arrives without bothering anyone, and then brought in direct in its oven dishes. Of course if the craze for outdoor cooking grows, in the winter we may be found to be doing the steak on the living room fire—although this may produce quite a few grease spots on the best Persian and the slip covers.

If you are going in for hot buffet cookery for more than about six you will have to get yourself a large casserole with a cover, for they are the best things in the world for retaining heat. And let's not give up hot food, even if we have to produce it ourselves. If a dish is supposed to be hot it should be tongue-burning when you get it. There's no such thing as too hot. While it cools off you can listen to your neighbor's best story with the full attention he likes.

One of the most successful buffet meals I ever went to provided curry with innumerable trimmings. Everyone was helped generously to the curried meat, which had plenty of gravy on it, and given a mound of hot flaky rice. Then they went and collected what they fancied off the many small dishes on the table, chutney and raisins and all that sort of thing. Of course choosing is half the fun of a buffet meal. Here's a recipe for curry in case you try it.

Curry

3 pounds of cooked lamb cut in small cubes
2 large sliced onions
Curry powder
Lemon juice
Brown sugar
Bacon fat
2 cups of meat stock
2 tablespoons flour
Salt and pepper and cayenne

Brown the onions in a fairly generous amount of bacon fat. Then take them out and put them to keep warm, and brown the pieces of meat. When this is done add the meat to the onions and make a gravy by stirring in the flour, seasoning well and adding half stock and half hot water to make a generous amount of medium thick gravy. When it has thickened add the curry powder for which

it is hard to give amounts as the heat of curry powder varies as much as individual taste. I like it good and hot. Put the meat and onions back and add a spoonful of lemon juice and some brown sugar, for you have to get that sweet sour taste which good curry has. Let this simmer and cook your rice—which must be flaky, not a sticky mass. Here's how an expert says to do it.

Boiled Rice

Use Patna rice if you can get it, but any good sort, if you can't. Wash the rice before you start to cook it until the washing water is quite clean. For one cup of uncooked rice use three quarts of briskly boiling water to which has been added the juice of half a lemon and three tablespoons of salt. Add the rice slowly. Don't stir it but keep it boiling briskly. After ten minutes of this test a few grains between your forefinger and thumb and as soon as it is soft but firm, stop cooking. This usually happens in around fifteen minutes. Drain well and put in a shallow lightly greased dish in a warm oven to dry.

Here are some of the things which you can serve with curry. Put them out in separate small dishes and let people choose.

Cnutney, this you must have and if you can come by more than one kind so much the better.

Fresh shredded coconut.
Chopped blanched almonds.
Currants made plump by scalding.
Green Peppers chopped fine.
Eggs hardboiled, chopped.
Orange peel, the yellow part only chopped.

Spanish Onion, grated.
Bombay Duck, if you can get it. As you probably know, this is a small dried fish served broken up small.

You can probably think of some more things to serve and practically nothing is against the rules in curry. When your guests have finished this give them a cool green salad with French dressing, a cold sweet and some coffee. Here's a sweet you might like.

Swiss Meringues

Either buy or make very small, round meringues. Cover the bottom of the dish with the meringues and pour over them sweetened melted chocolate. Spread with whipped cream and repeat this until the dish is full. Sprinkle the top with chopped, roasted almonds and keep cool in the refrigerator till you serve it.



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AT THE THEATRE

Some Reflections on the Ballet

BY ROBERTSON DAVIES

IT WAS not bad management, but bad luck which brought the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo and the Original Ballet Russe to Toronto within a fortnight. The ballet audience here, which is large enough to provide first rate houses for one of these companies for a week, is not capable of supporting both of them adequately without an interval in which to recover its breath and its pocketbook. The performances of neither company were really well attended, which was a pity, for both deserved to do well.

During this fortnight two points emerged, one of local significance, and the other concerning the ballet itself. The first of these is this: any ballet company which plays at the Royal Alexandra has an enormous advantage over a company at Massey Hall. The latter, in every respect save that of acoustics, is as bad for ballet as a building could possibly be; the former has every advantage in its auditorium and backstage, and has the theatrical atmosphere which ballet demands. The second point is this: the Ballet Russe should not have split into two groups, and the sooner the breach is healed, the better. Formerly it was one great company; now it is two mediocre companies, each with a handful of first-rank dancers.

The thinness in the ranks of both these companies appears when they are compared in the popular ballets which are the backbone of their repertoires. *Swan Lake* and *Les Syl-*

phides need Toumanova, and no dancer in Col. de Basil's company can fill her place. Eglevsky and Petroff are admirable male dancers but neither is wholly satisfactory in all the classic male roles. Massine's company has the mature and perfectly self-possessed artist Danilova, and is overworking her; de Basil's company has the brilliant, witty Riabouchinska, and is relying too heavily upon her. The Original Ballet Russe has the magnificent actor Dimitri Rostoff, great in *Paganini*, and badly needed in *Scheherazade*; it also has that sterling dancer, Algeranoff, without whom the Chinese Dance in *The Nutcracker* is dust and ashes in the mouth. And de Basil's company is so short of male dancers that the dance of the Prince's Friend in *Swan Lake* had to be cut! Whatever the difficulty may be which has split the Ballet Russe in two parts, could it not be adjusted in order to give us one really great company, with a dancer well suited to every part in the ballet repertoire?

Looking back over both weeks of ballet, certain things stand out as worthy of blame. First of these is the slovenliness of the *corps de ballet* in both companies, and their lack of repose when expected to stand still. Second is the apparent inability of the young ladies of both companies to keep time in the *pas de quatre* in both performances of *Swan Lake*. Third and last (for there is little point in singling out individuals for blame) is the lack of concentration shown by both companies in all except the rowdier ballets. It is all very well to work hard in *Gaité Parisienne* and *Graduation Ball*, but hard work is needed in *The Nutcracker* and in *Swan Lake*, too.

In both companies there is much to praise: Massine's brilliant new ballet, *The New Yorker*; Danilova's great performance in *Le Beau Danube*; Toumanova's concentration and perfection in everything she did; Rostoff's magnificent, and now mature *Paganini*; Lichine and Massine as great actors as well as great dancers—all these things we remember with gratitude and pleasure. There were lesser joys, also: Guer-

ard's excellence both as the Prince's Friend in *Swan Lake* and as the Snob in *Boutique Fantasque*; Olchova's abandon in the cancan of *Gaité Parisienne*; Algeranoff in *Le Coq d'Or*; Genevieve Moulin and Helene Muselle in the Dance-Step Competition in *Graduation Ball*; and Oliver Messel's designs for *Francesca da Rimini*. Particularly let us remember the name of Chris Volkoff, who played a series of small roles with a distinction which will assuredly win him fame as a dancer in a few years.

The past fortnight has been a great ballet season for Toronto, and we can only hope that the unfortunate juxtaposition of the two companies, and the resultant poor houses, has not frightened them away from this city. But, as I hope I have already made clear, they can solve that problem by returning next time as one great company.

One Woman Show

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

NO PLAY centred by Cornelia Otis Skinner can be anything but interesting and nothing written by Somerset Maugham can be anything but competent—a word incidentally which Mr. Maugham resents thoroughly and with good reason. *Theatre*, adapted from the Maugham novel of the same name is competent, and this time no more than competent. But Cornelia Otis Skinner is such a pleasure to watch and listen to that she frequently tricks you into



A scene from "The Taming of the Shrew", a production in the open-air Shakespeare season currently running in Southwark Park, London.

thinking you are witnessing a comedy of genuine brilliance and insight.

Fortunately Miss Skinner holds the centre stage almost continuously. But adroit as she is she can't always cover up the obviousness and perfunctoriness of the plot. *Theatre* is slick, but it is slick in an old-fashioned way—the way of contrived inversions and Lonsdale epigrams. When a character after drawing a long well-trained breath says richly, "Isn't it strange, all men are different and all husbands are alike!" the effect, in the modern idiom is something less than socko.

What *Theatre* seems to need, and will probably get before it reaches New York, is a good Broadway slicking and speeding up. Since it makes no pretensions to being anything but polite comedy with a pre-fabricat-

ed plot and an unshatterable glass surface, it can only be benefitted if it is run off at a brisk modern tempo. As it is, it isn't until the final act and indeed till almost the last scene of the final act that it achieves that special sharpness, pace and trickiness the material demands.

Apart from Arthur Margeson, who gives Miss Skinner the blandest possible support, the cast seemed a little lacking in sureness and authority. However *Theatre* is strictly a one-woman show and since Miss Skinner's comedy is always as smooth as silk, this isn't a serious deficiency. Indeed Cornelia Otis Skinner could probably have put the whole comedy on single-handed, with no support except a few simple props. It might even have been a better comedy.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Rimsky-Korsakoff and Others

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

IN America one of the extraordinary changes of the past 30 years has been the steady increase of Russian influences. Even in the movies we find persons born with English names adopting Russian ones, and that applies to dancing also. In contrast with conditions in, say, 1910, there is hardly an orchestral program in which Russian names do not appear. At the Proms last week there were three, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Moussorgsky and Tchaikovsky, and the principal feature was Sir Ernest MacMillan's remarkably able performance of the *Scheherazade Suite*. *East-er Overture*, another work composed by Rimsky-Korsakoff at the same time (1888) has been a favorite with Sir Ernest; and in both his imaginative grasp of detail, and instinct for gorgeous tonal effects are manifest. His success with *Scheherazade* was due to his broad, commanding style as a conductor, attained in the face of unanticipated handicaps in personnel.

The work abounds with haunting recurrent themes, but except for the plaintive melody typifying the girl-narrator in *Arabian Nights*, the composer denies that they signify anything specific. They are merely musical material. He really composed the work on traditional symphonic lines; labelling the first movement, Prelude; the second, Ballade; the third, Adagio, and the fourth Finale. Later he was persuaded by Liadoff and other friends to adopt specific titles like "The Sea" "Sinbad's Ship," and so on, and thus stimulate public interest, though these titles were really superfluous. "All I desired," he says, "was that the hearer, if he liked my piece as symphonic music should carry away the impression that it is beyond doubt an oriental narrative

of fairy tale wonders." He was aiming at atmosphere not definite pictures, and that is the way to listen to it. The Suite as a whole is full of strange and beautiful vistas, and it abounds in solo passage work. Last week the excellence of the performance was exquisitely augmented by the first violin, Eugene Kash, whose rendering of the main theme was exquisite in appeal.

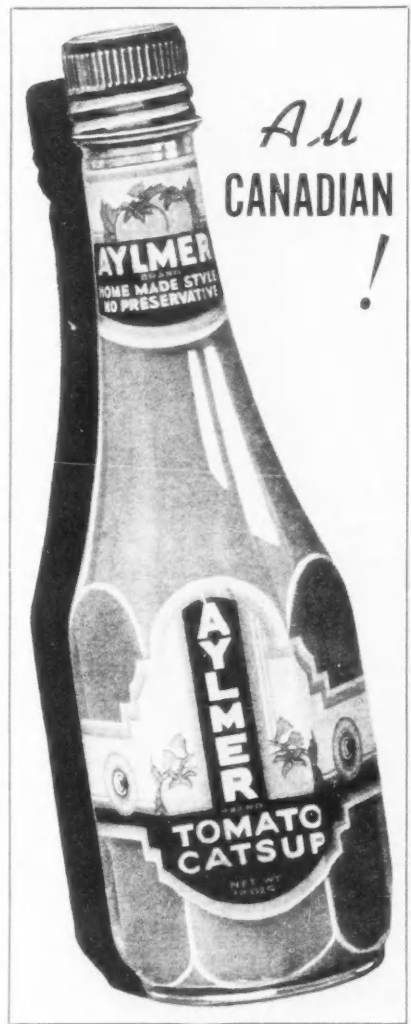
Beethoven's Jovial Side

Sir Ernest also gave a magnificent account of himself in Beethoven's 8th Symphony, in which he attained an atmosphere of robust and sustained joviality. The traditional idea of Beethoven is one of tragic gloom, emphasized by his portraits, and by the recorded facts of his life. This symphony expressing a continuing mood of expansive happiness is proof that he was not always brooding. There are joyous moments in his other symphonies, but here no note of solemnity intrudes. It is significant that it remained with him a favorite, which he regarded more highly than the 7th Symphony, now esteemed one of his finest. In interpretation Sir Ernest got under the skin of Beethoven, so to speak, and the verve and stimulus of the whole interpretation was a grand release from care.

It is seldom that a singer so youthful captivates a new audience as completely as the Welsh baritone, Thomas Ll. Thomas. Many of his listeners were already familiar with his warm and glowing tones and incisive diction through radio. But his personality has elements of charm that could not be conveyed through a microphone. Few singers produce

their tones so freely, and with so strong a suggestion of the "divine lust of song." It is said that Mr. Thomas has one Christian name which cannot be pronounced by ordinary mortals, because it is spelled entirely in consonants, and almost his most attractive number was a Welsh lilt *Cyfrir Glefr* whose tripping accents must be tricky even for a Cambrian. His vivacity and skill were equally apparent in such a classic as the Serenade from Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. With his fervent temperament, he has a youthful tendency to over-dramatize some numbers, but this is a good deal better than tameness.

Most of the good conductors, not in concentration camps, are now domiciled in America; and their activities make news. Many will be saddened by the announcement that Toscanini is so disturbed over European conditions that he has declined to make any commitments for the coming season. Edward Johnson tried without success to induce him to make a few appearances at the Metropolitan Opera House.



A sketch from Disney's much discussed "Fantasia" which comes to the Royal Alex, week of Sept. 29.

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"Back Page"

Books for the Boys in Uniform

BY HISTORICUS

SOON after the present Great War broke out, there were some earnest souls, chiefly (but not solely) librarians, who called for organized efforts to provide Canadian sailors, soldiers, and airmen with both recreational and educational reading matter.

These appeals fell, for the most part, on deaf ears, both at Ottawa and in other parts of the country. The truth is that the need for books and magazines for the armed forces was not at first appreciated. Books and magazines had not been included usually in what were known as "soldiers' comforts" in the last Great War; and there seemed no reason why they should be in this.

But that was when nearly everyone thought that the pattern of the present war would follow the pattern of the last. Gradually it has become clear that this assumption was tragically erroneous. Whereas Canadian troops were rushed to the front line trenches in 1914-18 in a few short months, they have been in 1939-41 held in training camps, whether in Canada or in England, for over two years, until there is danger of many of them becoming "over-trained". In these circumstances, it has become a problem how to overcome the danger of boredom (always an enemy to morale), especially among Canadian soldiers, and to a lesser extent among Canadian sailors and airmen.

Now there are various means of counteracting boredom among the troops. Much can be done through the organization of sports and games; much also through the establishment of camp moving-picture theatres and concerts. But these can fill only part of the leisure time of the troops. One thing that can fill the gap at any time is a book or a magazine.

If you have any doubt about there being a demand among the armed forces of Canada for books and magazines, make some inquiries, as I did.

Let me produce a few witnesses.

MY FIRST witness is a young subaltern in an Advanced Infantry Training Centre at Camp Borden. As I passed his room, I caught a glimpse of him lying on his bed, reading a book. I stopped and said, "In your mind if I ask you a question?"

He smiled and said, "No, certainly not."

"Do you read many books here?" I asked.

He held up his book. "This is the fifth book I have read this week," he replied.

That answered my question.

My second witness is an officer of an Active Service unit whom I met at Niagara-on-the-Lake. This unit was one of those guarding the Welland Canal; and I asked this officer if there was any demand among his men for books and magazines.

"Well," he said, patiently, as though I had asked a foolish question. "You know that when our men are guarding the canal, they are in detached posts, and do a tour of duty lasting several days. It is the most boring job you can imagine. They are in small huts, surrounded by barbed wire; and if they had a few good books and magazines in each hut, it would be a wonderful thing."

My third witness is a young naval officer who was on leave from "an Eastern Canadian port". I asked him, "Do you get much time for reading in the navy?"

"Good Lord," he replied briskly. "We can't ever get enough to read. We are sometimes out from port for weeks at a time, and when we are off duty there is little else to do but read and sleep. As a rule, everyone has read everything everyone else has had, by the time we reach port again."

I COULD give statistics as to the use of books in the Camp Borden library, built by the Canadian Federation of Jewish Women; and I could tell a tale about the work done by local committees in almost every province in Canada from British Columbia to Nova Scotia, in their gallant attempt to meet the demand for books for the armed forces. But perhaps the few concrete instances I have given will bring home, more forcibly than statistics will, the fact

that the armed forces of Canada want books.

They do not, however, want any books. They do not want discarded text books, or books on *How to feed children*, or on *How to convert the Chinese*. They do not even care much for the stories of the late Stanley J. Weyman or the late Marie Corelli. They like stories by recent authors, and especially detective and mystery stories and what are known in the book-business as "Westerns". I am

told that they cannot get enough of Zane Grey's books. They also like books with a military aspect. Books about the present war are, of course, in great demand; but there is a call also for military biographies and histories of previous wars.

THIS is not to say that there is not a call for books about economics and business, about psychology, about engineering, and about international politics. It is essential, however, that

these should be recent books, and not dog-eared relics of an earlier day.

If you have such books as I have described, how can you get them to the troops?

All you have to do is to take them to your local librarian, and ask that they be sent to the headquarters of the Canadian War Services Library Council, at 182 Lowther Avenue, Toronto. They may be sent through the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, free of freight charges.

EATON'S -
COLLEGE
STREET

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BY THE LARGEST HOUSE-FURNISHINGS STORE IN CANADA

ONE OF our cleverest young decorators has done over all these rooms that hem round the Gallery of ANTIQUES and Reproductions on the 5th Floor... the old oak and pine-panelled rooms in the elegance of English chintz, brocade and patrician bits of furniture... Early Canadian room in the old French Provincial spirit... the modern rooms with entertaining colours and fabrics—a feast for all you who love originality and charm as home scenery.

Sofas and chairs of "Specified" construction, or, to be less technical, quality for which we can vouch in every detail, here's one of the leading attractions in FURNITURE. It's upholstered in temporary cottons or those "correlated" fabrics which mean you can have contrasted colours and patterns and yet be sure of harmony.

See the Harry Wearne chintzes, grand old aristocrats of colour and design... stunning floral sateens, too... rayon and cotton damasks in the grand manner... cotton plaids and plains smart as paint and modern as today. Don't miss the DRAPERIES.

Broadloom CARPETS, lovely, mossy-soft footings, have just arrived from England... Indian hand-loomed RUGS, plain pastels and jewel tones, are a big thrill in Oriental imports... LINOLEUMS with all their new rating in style and importance.

PAPERS to give the fashionable look of textured walls... imports in wonderful colours... still some of the decorative Katzenbach and Warren patterned papers... And our expert Painters and DECORATORS to make your place spick and smart.

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EATON'S - COLLEGE STREET

Rationing and Price-Fixing To Check Inflation

PEOPLE make news



Sergeant Tommy Rigler, formerly of Toronto, now a member of an R.A.F. Spitfire squadron, who has been awarded the Distinguished Flying Medal. Rigler has shot down nine enemy aircraft, eight of them in four days, has made 82 sweeps over Nazi territory.



Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, seen here in flying kit, is training to be a fighter pilot with the Royal Air Force. He has already flown many miles solo and is expected soon to be taking up British fighters — Hurricanes and Spitfires.



Alfred, left, and Arthur Perry are shown as they arrived in Jersey City, N.J., a fortnight ago on the S.S. "Exeter" after having "hitch-hiked" from Belgium. Both boys were born in California and went to Europe with their parents in 1927. They left Antwerp, Belgium, in May, 1940, and hitch-hiked to Lisbon, working in aircraft factories to earn money. They left their mother and a sister behind and have no information as to their whereabouts. Just 18 and 17, respectively, they found the kitten in Lisbon, call it "RAF".



Ann Dvorak, right, former Hollywood film star, now a member of Britain's Mechanized Transport Corps, leaves Corps' headquarters with a fellow worker. She is the wife of Leslie Fenton, former actor and director, and now a Lieutenant in the British Navy.



Heavyweight Champion Joe Louis who is training for his fight with Lou Nova on September 29, posed for this photo at his training camp at Greenwood, N.J. Joe will be inducted into the U.S. Army next month, struck this unsoldierly pose for newsmen.

CANADA is now reaching "full employment," a point of great significance for it will put to the supreme test the Government's power to check inflation. "Full employment" is notoriously difficult to measure; clearly there will always be the unemployables who cannot get work, and there are apt to remain for a time at least certain employable unemployed in localities where there is no war-time activity. Nevertheless, it is clear that Canada is now to all intents and purposes at a stage of full employment. The "Help Wanted" advertisements in the daily papers are legion, while the "Jobs Wanted" advertisements can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Unemployed domestic servants are as scarce as hens' teeth, and many of the weaker competitive industries are disappearing. For example, a coal merchant who serves a district in central Ontario recently stated that he expects to sell many hundreds of tons more coal this year than he did last year, because in that district coal is competitive with cordwood and all the laborers who used to cut cordwood have now gone into other occupations or into the Armed Forces.

The increase in employment since the outbreak of the war is, of course, directly due to defence activity. Broadly speaking it is correct to state that up to the present time

BY C. H. HERBERT

Until now the Government has relied mainly on taxes and loans to check the inflationary effects of rising public purchasing power and a contracting supply of consumer goods.

But, with full employment reached, the pressure on prices is still rising, and it is difficult to increase taxes further because many taxpayers' incomes have not risen.

It appears that an extensive scheme of rationing and price-fixing is now in prospect.

Canada's tremendous war effort has been achieved mainly by expanding the country's productive capacity rather than by diverting industry from peace-time purposes to war-time purposes. It is true that certain industries—such as manufacturers of automobiles, refrigerators and aluminum kitchen utensils—have had to curtail their production of peace-time goods, but by and large the manufacturers of "non-essential" goods are still going full blast.

Now that full employment has been reached this state of affairs cannot continue. The production of

"non-essential" goods cannot be expanded without taking labor away from the vital war-time industries, and in fact, if the production of war equipment is to expand—as it will have to—then before very long peace-time industries will have to give up workers to the war-time industries. In short, the output of "non-essential" goods will not merely remain stationary, it will decline.

The Rising Demand

The demand for "non-essential" goods, on the other hand, will continue to increase unless steps are taken to check it. During the fiscal year 1940-41 the amount paid out in wages, salaries and soldiers' pay was more than \$500 million greater than in the previous year, and less than half of this increase was taken away by new and existing taxes on subscriptions to War Savings Certificates. During the current fiscal year a similar large increase will take place. Clearly, if this increased purchasing power is set without restriction against a diminishing supply of consumers' goods, there can be only one result—inflation.

Of this the Government is fully aware, and official statements have continually shown that there is every intention of preventing this inflation from taking place. Broadly speaking, there are two alternative meth-

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

War Need Too Great for Strikes

BY P. M. RICHARDS

UNTIL the last week or two, when the German drives on Leningrad and the Ukraine developed so threateningly, World War II had seemed to be going fairly well. The Russians had made a stronger stand against invasion than most of us expected and were contributing importantly to the Nazis' eventual exhaustion. They are still doing so, but latterly they have suffered very heavy losses of materiel and, it appears, are now losing or about to lose some vitally important centres of munitions production.

If Russia falls, the Germans will be able to turn their full attention to Britain, and they will have the oil and the other enormous resources of Russia. Britain's position then and Canada's will be dark indeed.

If Russia is to keep on fighting, she must have new supplies from her Allies. These supplies must come from Canada, Britain and the United States. Though they urgently need more armaments themselves, they must now produce for Russia too. The only possible course is to increase production to the utmost possible extent.

In this grave situation, Canada finds her munitions production actually diminishing instead of increasing as a result of strikes by workers, strikes which are very largely the products of C.I.O. and other foreign labor agitators who are attempting to turn the war emergency to their own profit. Eager for union members and more membership dues, these agitators persuade the workers in war-essential plants that they can get them higher wages if they strike. The result has already been serious interruptions of production and the weakening of the country's fighting forces and its whole war effort.

Cannot Be Tolerated

This is a situation which surely cannot be tolerated and which the country as a whole is not disposed to tolerate. At this moment, even more than at any moment heretofore, the needs of the war come first and nothing can be allowed to interfere with supplying those needs. Normal peace considerations do not apply in this emergency. Neither the owners of plants nor the workers in them can be permitted to do anything which checks production. Differences and grievances, if any, must be settled in some other way.

Last week Mr. McLaughlin, Minister of Labor, announced an order-in-council making strikes illegal if not voted for by a majority of all the workers affect-

ed, and threatening illegal strikers with fines and imprisonment. But that is not enough. There must be no strikes in essential industries in wartime. The aim of the Government should not be to reduce strikes but to eliminate them. It should be ready to do whatever may be necessary to that end—even to go to the length of conscripting entire industries, putting managers and workers into uniform and subjecting them to army discipline and army pay. That is an extreme step, but it is a much more logical one than to permit stoppages of production in the present world emergency. A strike in a munitions plant may mean that soldiers in the field lose their lives because of the insufficiency of their equipment. British homes and lives may be destroyed because the planes and guns and shells necessary to turn back the enemy bombers are not available. Britain and Canada herself may be brought under the Nazi heel. Should a worker, living in safety and comfort at home, be permitted to strike for an extra 10 cents an hour and to endanger his brother's and his country's life?

Make Findings Mandatory

The workers' desire to obtain wage increase is human and understandable, especially in view of the long years of business depression and reduced employment prior to the war and the fact that many workers carried over needs from that period which they are only now satisfying. But they cannot be allowed to satisfy even very real and reasonable needs at the expense of the national war effort. No doubt workers want to, even among the strikers. It would probably be found that most strikers have swallowed the bait of higher wages without any real understanding of the unpatriotism involved.

A procedure exists for the settlement of management-labor disputes by means of conciliation boards. At present acceptance of the findings of these boards is not compulsory, but this column believes it should be made so, for both workers and employers with the proviso that the board should be compelled to show an employer how any extra costs involved can be absorbed without ruining the business. Obviously it is not in the country's interests to force plants out of production.

Wartime Britain doesn't tolerate strikes such as Canada is suffering. There is no reason why Canada should either. It is high time that the Government took a stronger hand in dealing with them.



ods that can be adopted. The Government can draw back to itself by taxes, subscriptions to War Savings Certificates, and subscriptions to war loans a still greater proportion of each individual's income. Alternatively, the Government can compel the manufacturers of "non-essential" goods to reduce their output, at the same time fixing the prices at which these goods are sold and, where necessary, rationing their supply.

Until recently the most favored method has been the first one—i.e., drawing back purchasing power to the Government by taxes and loans—but this is becoming more and more difficult. In the first place, when the war first started it was regarded as not unreasonable to put an increased tax burden on everybody receiving an income above a certain minimum, irrespective of whether the war-time activity had actually increased their income. Now, however, the tax burden on many people, particularly in the middle income groups, who have not received an increase in income as a result of the war is very great indeed, and it would therefore be almost impossible to increase the burden on those people. Consequently, if more purchasing power is to be taken away by taxation it would be necessary to evolve some method of taking the increase in income rather than the total income itself.

Technical Difficulties

This, however, as may readily be imagined, presents very great technical difficulties. One method of overcoming this difficulty would be to rely to a large extent on voluntary savings, but this does not appear to work satisfactorily in practice. The growth of bank deposits in Great Britain indicates that even in a country where expenditures are very definitely restricted by the direct methods of rationing, people nevertheless prefer to keep at least a proportion of the money that they cannot spend deposited in the bank rather than invest it in government securities of one form or another.

Another difficulty in the way of withdrawing a greater part of the country's purchasing power by taxation is that a very large share of the increase in purchasing power during the past eighteen months has gone to the lower income groups, to the working classes. If these people find that their newly won increase in income is being taken away from them by taxes, they will demand wage increases. This demand will, politically, be extremely hard to resist, but if it is granted it will of course undo the restrictive effect on purchasing power of the increased taxes.

Because of these problems, there has in the past three or four months been a quite rapidly growing body of opinion which feels that if the full war effort is to be attained and inflation to be checked, the only solution is the direct method. The Government must cause producers of "non-essential" goods to restrict their production when that production takes labor or materials that are wanted for the war effort, and at the same time prices of those goods must be fixed. In many cases it will be necessary to ration the supply of the goods to the consumer, although in the case of durable goods such as automobiles, furniture, and possibly even clothes direct rationing may not be necessary and delivery deliveries will take care of the problem.

Unexpected Effects

There is, of course, no denying the fact that this method of checking inflation has its own difficulties, and important ones. To begin with, it is no good merely fixing the price of a limited number of commodities, for this will cause serious dislocations in the economy. The prices of uncontrolled commodities will rise substantially, frequently with very unexpected effects. The story was told in a recent issue of "Dun's Review" of one European country where the price of butter was pegged but the price of axle grease was not. The result was that the price of axle grease rose and the farmers used their butter to grease their axles, never bringing it to the market.

There have been many instances of the same sort of thing in Great Britain, and it has been the general experience there that if the price of a commodity is controlled without its supply being rationed it merely disappears from the market. Furthermore, if the price of finished goods is to be fixed, as it must be, then the prices of all the component parts of these goods have to be fixed, for otherwise the manufacturer will suffer severe losses. As Bernard Baruch has said, "The price of anything is simply the resultant of the price of everything".

Rationing Troubles

A pretty extensive scheme of price fixing, then, would appear to be necessary, and this would in turn entail rationing for a number of commodities. Rationing has its own difficulties. For example, it is comparatively easy to ration a commodity like sugar, where the difference in the per capita amount consumed in different households is relatively small, but it becomes much more difficult with a commodity like tea, where one household may use practically none at all and the next household may use four or five times the average amount. If one fixes the family consumption at slightly below the amount normally consumed by a tea-drinking household, then these individuals are apt to purchase tea ration tickets from non-tea drinkers, and may therefore be in a position actually to increase their normal consumption. If, on the other hand, the allowance per person is fixed on the basis of the average per capita amount of tea consumed throughout the country, then the tea-drinking families are apt to be unreasonably hard-hit because they may find it difficult to rustle up sufficient extra tickets from non-tea drinkers.

Comments have also been made on the cost of rationing, but this

NYLON

STOP, scientist, I beg of you!

What is this poor world coming to?

Once woman wore a sheath of silk; Her dresses now are spun of milk. And thanks to your ingenious mind We have lived long enough to find The ankles of milady fair Encased in water, coal and air!

MAY RICHSTONE.

does not appear to be very important. It is possible that it might cost \$15 million a year to ration a single commodity in Canada, and perhaps about \$25 million a year if six or eight commodities were rationed. This is admittedly a substantial sum, but it becomes negligible if one remembers that the purpose of rationing is to check inflation. A 10% price increase in the Dominion Government's war effort of \$1,300 million in the coming fiscal year would cost the Dominion Government \$130 million!

More Effective

Rationing and price fixing, in spite of the difficulties entailed, do appear to be a far more effective method of checking inflation than an attempt to take back to the Government by taxation and borrowing a sufficient proportion of the country's purchasing power.

This is for two reasons. Firstly, it is very difficult to get people, particularly among the lower income groups, of their own initiative to lend to the Government as much of their income as is necessary if inflation is to be checked; and if taxation and compulsory loans are relied upon to do the whole job a most unequal and unfair burden will be placed on certain people.

Secondly, if the lower income groups find their purchasing power reduced by taxation, they will demand wage increases, and these demands will politically be very difficult to resist. If, on the other hand, the working man finds that with the money that he has got in his pocket he cannot buy the goods that he wants because those goods simply are not available, then he does not have such good grounds for demanding a wage increase.



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Never before has individual thrift been so vital a factor in our country's history. Every dollar we can save counts in the conduct of this war.

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Until this war is won make personal thrift your watchword. Watch your spending. Build up a reserve of fighting dollars out of current earnings. Save for victory.

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DIVIDEND NUMBER 319
EXTRA DIVIDEND NUMBER 34

A regular dividend of 1% and an extra dividend of 1% making 2% in all, have been declared by the Directors on the Capital Stock of the Company, payable on the 7th day of October 1941, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 23rd day of September 1941.

DATED the 16th day of September, 1941.
I. McIVOR
Assistant-Treasurer.

Provincial Paper Limited

Notice is hereby given that Regular Quarterly Dividend of 1% on Preferred Stock has been declared by PROVINCIAL PAPER LIMITED, payable October 1st, 1941 to Shareholders of record as at close of business September 15th, 1941, in Canadian Funds.

(Signed) W. S. BARBER,
Secretary-Treasurer.



YOU CAN'T FIRE A NOTE OF REGRET

GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

ABITIBI

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Some time ago I saw a report that Abitibi would pay bondholders \$130 on principal and interest. I have not received any and I have not seen any reason for the delay. As one of your contented readers may I ask you to explain.

—D. N. W., Como, P.Q.

On June 7th, 1941, Justice Middleton, Toronto, ordered G. T. Clarkson, receiver and manager for Abitibi

Power & Paper Company, to pay \$6,274,710 out of cash on account of principal to the bondholders of the company. This total worked out to \$130 per thousand dollar bond.

Early in September, holders of certificates of deposit for Abitibi's first mortgage bonds, series A, 5%, due 1953, were notified that the payment authorized by the Supreme Court of Ontario at the rate mentioned above would be made on October 15th, 1941, by the Montreal Trust Company, Montreal, Toronto, or London, England, or at the City Bank Farmers Trust Company, New York, as agent for the Montreal Trust Company. Presentation of certificates of deposit will not be required.

Holders of certificates of deposit who are not registered holders should have the certificates of deposit held by them transferred into their own names in order to participate in the distribution. I understand the transfer books will be closed from September 30th to October 15th, 1941.

ORPIT

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Orpiti Mines has been suggested to me as a good speculation, but before buying I wish you would be so kind as to give me a brief picture of the situation, as I have found your Gold & Dross pages helpful to me in the past.

—A. P. T., Welland, Ont.

Orpiti Mines is carrying out an extensive diamond drilling campaign on its McCauley-Bridge property in Bristol township, Porcupine area, with results, which officials feel, are sufficiently encouraging to warrant an underground test. The company now proposes to sink a three-compartment shaft to a depth of 500 feet and establish four levels at 125-foot intervals. Funds for the program are expected to be arranged in the near future.

A zone length of about 500 feet was previously explored by Pioneer Gold Mines and in the 300 feet tested west of the west shaft, an average width of 50 feet was shown, but gold values were low. Since then the zone has been extended and a length of 575 feet tested by diamond drill holes, several of which indicated ore of good grade and width. In the last drill hole one section averaged \$28 across 13.8 feet. While it is not possible to correlate the intersections obtained into a continuous ore shoot, officials are well pleased with the results and the westerly extension of the zone showed a considerable improvement in values over those at the eastern end.

Orpiti is capitalized at 4,000,000 shares of which approximately 3,500,000 are issued. In addition to the McCauley-Bridge property 59 claims

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PLAN AHEAD

The government of Canada has announced plans to finance much of the war expenditure out of current revenue. War taxes of various sorts are being imposed. To meet them the first step is to save systematically. Open an account with this Corporation and be ready when the government calls.

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MONTREAL APARTMENTS

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Will you kindly inform me as to the present quote on a Montreal Apartments 4 per cent bond, due 1954? Has the company any prospects of improving its position? What do you think of the bonds?

—K. M. O., Toronto, Ont.

Montreal Apartments bonds are quoted currently at 58 and are, I would say, more attractive to the individual investor who is more interested in speculative profit than in income.

As you probably know, Montreal Apartments owns several apartment houses in Montreal which cater to a rather exclusive clientele. I understand the company has never had any difficulty in renting its apartments, but that rents dropped drastically during the depression and in 1938 interest on the company's bonds was cut from 5 1/2% to 4%.

With taxes cutting drastically into income in the higher brackets, I would say that the outlook for improvement in the company's revenue was limited. Then, too, real estate bonds in general are highly speculative most companies engaged in this type of business have had uncertain records—and the income of real estate companies fluctuates widely. At the present time Montreal Apartments is covering its interest charges by a narrow margin.

MALARTIC

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Please tell me something about the new developments at Malartic Gold Fields and the rate of profits. Thank you.

—C. C. H., Brockville, Ont.

An entirely new ore area of major importance, some 2,200 feet west of the main workings, recently disclosed by diamond drilling, has impressively



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27	20.20	35	22.10	43	26.60	51	41.00
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29	20.60	37	22.80	45	29.10	53	46.90
30	20.80	38	23.20	46	30.60	54	50.30
31	21.00	39	23.70	47	32.30	55	54.10

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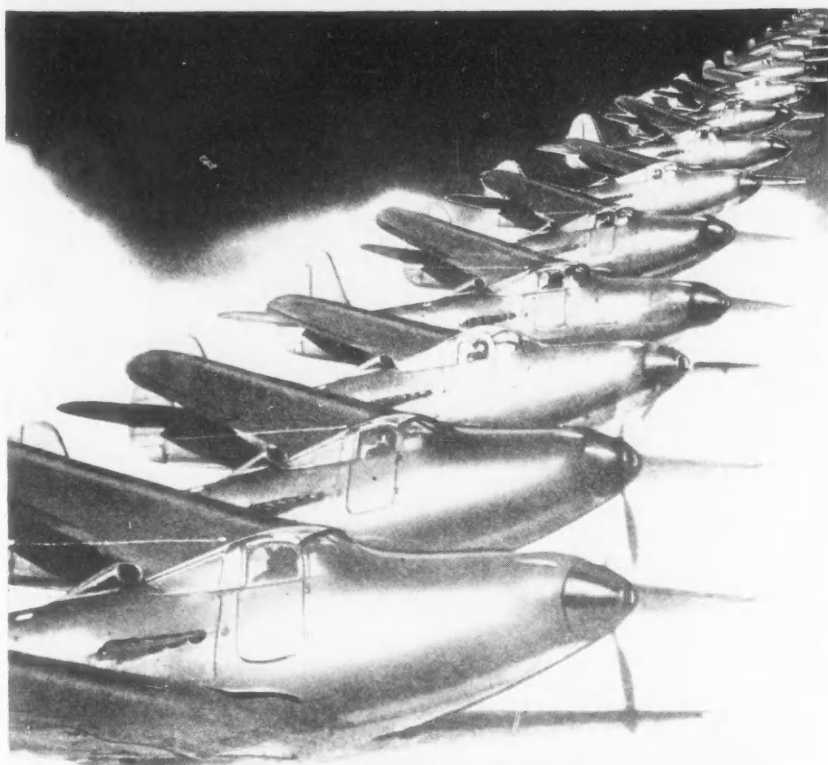
—H. T. S., Armstrong, B.C.

While costs are trending upward, ordinary share net may approximate \$1.50 in 1941.

APRIL	MAY	JUNE	JULY	AUG.	SEPT.
14.65 4/3	115.89 5/1		130.06 7/28		127.54 9/20
INDUSTRIALS					
17.75 7/3				30.88 8/1	29.02 9/20
RAILS					
15.54 7/14		27.43 5/31			
DAILY AVERAGE STOCK MARKET TRANSACTIONS					
47,000	382,000	418,000	667,000	418,000	570,000

By order of the Board,
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General Manager,
Toronto, Tenth September, 1911.





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ABOUT INSURANCE

Insurance and National Security

BY GEORGE GILBERT

What is called national security is often looked upon as something which is created by the government and which makes provision for safeguarding the minds, bodies and properties of the citizens as well as the institutions, customs, traditions and territorial boundaries of the country.

But the grim realities of the past few years have taught the lesson that security is not created by the government for the individual but is transmitted from the individual to the government; and that, essentially, the individual must continue to make his own security, as he has had to do since the beginning of time.

Life insurance depend the hopes and aspirations for financial independence in the future of millions of people, and it should therefore be fostered by the state and protected from the attacks of economic adventurers and political theorists who look upon its accumulated funds — built up over a lengthy period by the thrift of countless individuals and held for them in trust — as something sinister and not in the public interest, while as a matter of fact these funds constitute one of the strongest bulwarks of our present-day civilization.

Thrift and Saving

Life insurance is based upon the principle of thrift and saving so as to provide some measure of financial independence in the future, instead of spending and consuming as life goes along, and depending upon the receipt of a public pension for support in old age. There is no doubt that many people have become confused by economic philosophies that do not regard work as a virtue. They have been deluded, as one commentator has put it, by the sophistry of groups that try by every means

in their power to lead the world away from work, and they hail with indiscriminate enthusiasm all slogans that call for "shorter work days, shorter work weeks, shorter work lives, shorter everything involving effort."

One of the lessons which grim realities will bring home to these sophisticated optimists is that the state cannot make security for the individual, although it may seem to make it by taking from one person and giving to another, because, as has been pointed out before, "made" security is as false and impermanent as "made" work. Essentially the individual must make his own security and in his own way.

Initiative and self-reliance are reflected in the seven billion dollars worth of life insurance in force in Canada, and the three billion dollars worth of assets held by the life insurance companies doing business in this country. It has been truly said that they are a mute but none the less impressive testimony to the application of those qualities which make the individual want to fight his own battles, to stand on his own feet, and to protect his own dependents.

INQUIRIES

Editor, About Insurance:

I am a subscriber to your valuable paper and I should like to have your opinion on an Ordinary Life Policy held in the Order of Railway Conductors of America, Mutual Benefit Department. The head office of this firm is in Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

A Railway conductor who holds a \$2000 Ordinary Life Policy with this Mutual Benefit Association through his local Union is somewhat concerned about his contract because of the fact that the local Union has some difference of opinion with the American Union and there is a break in their relationship contemplated. This policy was taken out about 1932 and previous insurance held through the same source was entirely cancelled and all money lost at the time this new contract was issued. Would such a situation likely be repeated or is there any security in the present set-up which would make it wise to continue the policy.

S. H. J., Hamilton, Ont.

Order of Railway Conductors of America, Mutual Benefit Department, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, has been operating on a level premium basis since 1931, when these new level rates were applied to members at attained ages. It issues ordinary life certificates or policies, \$500 to \$5,000, also 20-year endowments and endowments at age 65. Waiver of premium clause optional on all plans at additional rate up to age 55.

At the end of 1940 its total admitted assets were \$5,678,947, and it showed a surplus of \$622,183 over reserves and all liabilities. Its pre-

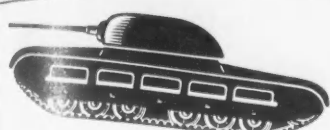
mium income in 1940 was \$1,182,396, and its total income, \$1,456,976, while its total payments to policyholders were \$793,444, and its total disbursements, \$937,848. Its new insurance issued in 1940 was \$763,212, and its total insurance in force at the end of the year, \$22,647,155, showing a gain of \$473,478.

As the Order now operates on an actuarial basis, maintains reserves on its policies, shows a surplus over all liabilities, and a gain in insurance in force, there is no reason to question its future ability to pay claims maturing under its policies.

But it is not registered or licensed in Canada, and has no deposit with the Government here for the protection of Canadian policyholders. However, in view of its financial standing it is altogether unlikely that there would be any difficulty in collecting a claim, and I would advise continuing the policy, though in taking out any more insurance it would be wise to select an institution regularly licensed in Canada and maintaining a deposit here.

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Depression Causes

BY DONALD FIELDS

In depressions the number of people gainfully employed in the distributive trades tends to rise.

Far from reflecting a healthy state of affairs, this is the consequence of people who have become superfluous in the productive process turning to the distributive trades to make a living.

Usually they are re-absorbed by production when depressions end. This "migration", as well as depressions altogether, can only be prevented in the free enterprise economy by synchronizing technical and social progress.

MANY people say quite rightly that technical progress causes unemployment when it takes place in the sphere of production; that is, when it enables manufacturers to produce the same volume of output by employing fewer workers. This happens, of course, only when new machinery works more cheaply than the workers who with old machinery hitherto produced the same output; which it usually does.

Other people say that technical progress also re-absorbs the workers thus set free. This, too, is right; but only in certain conditions.

Let us assume an economy is fully employed and its annual national income is six billion dollars. This means, taking Canada as an example, that your income, and mine, and everybody else's who are "gainfully employed," added up, is six billion dollars expressed in money. Let us now speak again of our hypothetical economy and say that three million people are gainfully employed in it. Some of them work in agriculture and other primary industries, such as mining and fishing; some in secondary industries, such as the machine and clothing industries; some in the distributive trades, some in the amusement industry, and so on. The physical output of the economy may be worth three million dollars at the place of work. Then the remaining three million dollars originates from the producers paying the railways, the shipping companies, the stores, the travellers, and so on, for their services; and partly from people, who derive their incomes from all those industries and trades, going to theatres and picture houses, and using railways and ships as passengers, and so on.

Now let us assume that during one year of full employment the economy's productivity rises by 10 per cent. This means that at the end of the year three hundred thousand people will be out of work. As the incomes of most of these people would be below average, the economy's income will only be, say, 5.6 billion dollars. But the goods and services produced will still be worth six billion dollars; that is, if prices do not fall. But prices will fall on account of lower production costs (the effect of technical progress), and if they fall by 0.4 billion dollars in all, everything will be well; the economy's entire output will be sold although 10 per cent of the people who were in work at the beginning of the year are jobless at the end.

No Possibility of Absorption

Now we have seen in the last article of this series (SATURDAY NIGHT September 13) that, if in the following year an investment of 0.4 billion dollars is made, the unemployed will be absorbed by producing the investment goods. However, if productivity rises in the second year again by 10 per cent and if prices fall again so that the entire increased output of goods and services is sold, there will still be 30,000 unemployed at the end of the second year. If then technical progress stops for a while, and it never proceeds evenly—there is no possibility of absorbing those 30,000 men. Yet the economy will be in perfect equilibrium because all that is produced is sold.

The tendency to permanent unemployment thus being created by technical progress has hitherto always been nullified by several facts. One is that investment, conditioned by the technical progress, has hitherto expanded spasmodically in such great jerks that in almost every boom the absolute volume of production and

purchases was greater than in the previous boom.

In this connection it may be said, however, that that tendency has not entirely been nullified, but has partly been obscured by an interesting fact. It is that the number of people gainfully employed in the distributive trades has in most countries risen, especially greatly in the inter-war period. There are two ways of looking at this fact. One is to say that our supply of goods and comforts has increased so greatly that more people were needed to distribute it. This contention, however, would imply that the distributive trades do not participate in the technical progress; that, whereas fewer men are needed to produce a given volume of goods, the same number or even more men are needed to distribute a given volume of goods.

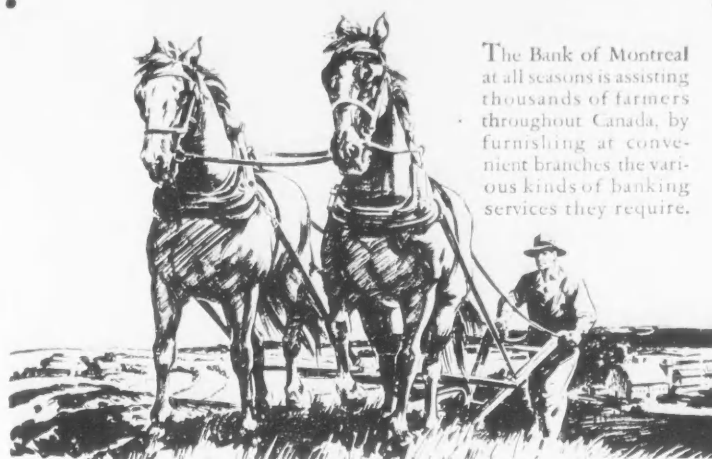
The second way of looking at that fact is this. Technical progress has rendered people permanently superfluous for the productive process; and for lack of anything else to do they have become small shopkeepers who eke out a miserable existence, almost constantly on the verge of bankruptcy; or they have become "salesmen" many of whom earn less than wage and salary earners. But the statisticians naturally call all of them "gainfully employed in the distributive trades." It is true that the boom which, without the war, would have followed the depression that filled most of the thirties, would have re-absorbed all those people in the productive process. And the tendency to permanent unemployment through technical progress would once more have remained a *tendency* and not have become a *fact*.

No Depressions

Another reason which prevented that tendency from becoming a fact has, in the nineteenth century, been the constant opening-up of new, and the expansion of old, overseas markets. We have seen in the last article that, if the standard of living would rise concurrent with, and corresponding to, technical progress, there would be no depressions. Now, there were depressions also in the nineteenth century; but they were much milder than those our generation has known. This, however, does not indicate that the relation between purchasing power and volume of purchases in the home markets of the industrial countries was guarded more wisely than it is now, and that we have lost that art; it indicates merely that the shortage of purchasing power in the home markets was partly made up for by purchasing power coming from foreign markets. There is no need to prove at length that the "foreign" purchasing power has *absolutely* risen very greatly during the last hundred years or so; but that it has greatly declined *relatively* to the amount needed in order to bolster up "home" purchasing power so that depressions could be kept within nineteenth century limits.

Thus the tendency of technical progress to create permanent unemployment will become a fact only when all countries of the world are highly industrialized and/or when technical progress stops for good and ceases to provide new fields for employment which means never. In other words, the evils of depression and unemployment do not spring from technical progress itself, but from our inability and unwillingness to synchronize technical and social progress.

We have seen that the first essential of that synchronization is the elimination of monopoly.



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MONARCH
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WHEN one realizes that from thirty to fifty per cent of the stories that reach the newspapers have to be discarded for lack of space, it is rather surprising to see how much blatant press-agent stuff succeeds in getting into print day after day. Some of it has a certain news value, but a great deal is obviously manufactured for the occasion. The rancid effusions that come out of Hollywood have always been suspect, and justly so, and the publicity matter of shows, circuses, and carnivals is invariably heavily impregnated with exaggeration.

News editors are not fooled. In the jargon of the craft, they know when a story "smells." Yet, if it's snappy, topical, and has the human interest touch, they let it get by.

A story of this type has caused quite a bit of stir in Vancouver. Journalistic ethics should have consigned it to the wastepaper basket, but instead it got a good headline play and ran in all editions.

"It's 'bull'," said one copy reader "but it's good 'bull,' so let it ride." Briefly, the yarn was that an Amer-

BRITISH COLUMBIA LETTER

Press-Agency Made Easy

BY P. W. LUCE

ican wire fencing company wished to stage a bullfight in West Vancouver at a pageant to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the arrival of Don Jose Maria Narvaez and his Spanish companions on this coast. The concern would provide the bull, his opponent, the flamboyant Senor Carlos Manoel y Aranjuez, half a dozen picadors, and all the accoutrements of the fiesta. In return they sought the privilege of advertising their wares on two acres of fencing around Ambleside Park, where the bullfight would be held in the presence of 20,000 spectators, more or less.

That practically none of these 20,000 would be in the market for fencing wire was irrelevant, apparently. The \$2500 stunt would presumably

be charged to "goodwill and publicity" in the firm's advertising accounts.

The fact that Section 542 of the Criminal Code of Canada provides a penalty of \$500, or one year's imprisonment, for any person guilty of bull- or bear-baiting was also conveniently overlooked.

THE story got by. The more gullible of the newspaper readers accepted it at its face value. The West Vancouver municipal council passed a solemn resolution disclaiming any responsibility and calling upon the provincial authorities to take suitable action. Government officials in Vic-

toria promptly indicated that the proper department would intervene at the correct time. Letters to the Editor were penned by the score, mostly against, but a few in favor. Officers and members of the S.P.C.A., on whom press agents can always rely in securing publicity for rodeos and such-like affairs, played their part nobly.

Even the editorial writers, who are certainly not obtuse fellows, solemnly inveighed against the suggested degrading spectacle.

All of which must have been highly gratifying to the wily press agent who ended the controversy with another snappy little story that the bull fight would be dropped and a greasy pig race substituted, this also being

a good old Spanish custom quite in keeping with the occasion.

After that, the Vancouver Exhibition's press-agent story of a freckle contest seems rather flat.

The publicity man for the B.C. Highland Dancing Association did rather better with a protest to Ottawa when his organization had to pay \$1.78 on a "collect" telegram conveying information that could have come just as well in a three-cent letter.

IT ISN'T often that fishermen underestimate the weight of their catch by 200 pounds, but that's what happened when a 970-pound sturgeon was hauled out of the Fraser River recently by two Japanese. A slubber in the stomach accounted for the low guess.

Sturgeon are now extremely rare in the Fraser, and it is many years since one weighing more than 80 pounds was landed. The record fish tipped the scales at 1300 pounds, according to old-timers whose memory goes back forty years.

The current price for sturgeon on the Pacific Coast is thirty cents a pound. In New York it is \$1 a pound, so this big fellow has been shipped east to be converted into steaks. Experts say there are seven different kinds of meat behind the head of a sturgeon, some of which tastes like pork and some like chicken halibut.

Although this was a female fish, it contained no eggs suitable for conversion into caviar. A goodly supply of these would have increased its value by about one-third. The sturgeon brought around \$100 to the two Japanese who caught it.

CHANNEL Islanders in British Columbia, wishing to raise funds for evacuees who left Jersey and Guernsey a year ago just before the Germans seized those Islands, hit upon a brand new idea. They assembled such family treasures, antiques, curios, and pictures as they had individually brought from home as keepsakes long ago, and staged an Exhibition in Spencer's Art Galleries which ran for two weeks and was visited by more than 2100 persons.

It is the first time such a regional exhibition had been held in the west, and possibly in Canada, and it is doubtful if any other place than the Channel Islands could have produced such a fascinating collection. Exclusive of paintings and photographs, there were well over 1000 items on display, ranging all the way from a 150-year-old pewter baby feeder to a ten-foot cabbage stalk, from Jersey sunbonnets to Guernsey milk cans, and from 353-year-old parchment to ormer shells.

The intrinsic value of the exhibits was conservatively estimated at \$6000. Ninety individuals made loans for the show, which resulted in nearly \$500 being added to the B.C. Channel Islanders' Society's refugee funds. Those in charge had expected to raise \$100, or a little better!

BRITISH COLUMBIA is shipping out a lot of jam to Britain these days. Women's Institutes all over the province, with the help of the Red Cross, are supervising the putting up of the fruit, and shipping is in cargo boats leaving Vancouver, the exact space available usually not being known until a few hours before sailing.

The little town of Oliver, located in a fruit-growing district, has promised 6000 pounds. Naramata will give 3000. Chilliwack, hard hit by a short cherry crop and by government regulations regarding canning, will supply 4000. The Doukhobor settlements will do their share, as in the last war. All up and down the Fraser Valley and on Vancouver Island the response for jam has been most gratifying.

There will be plum jam, cherry jam, strawberry jam, raspberry jam, blackberry jam, huckleberry jam, black and white currant jam, rhubarb jam, apricot jam, peach jam—every kind of jam except apple, which is on the forbidden list. The fruit is given free. The labor is voluntary. The shipping space is donated. The cartage is gratis. . . . The only thing that has to be bought is the sugar, and there is still hope that this may be supplied by some generous manufacturer.



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Simply divide the total of your 1940 Income Tax by twelve. This is the amount that must be paid to the Receiver General this month -- September, 1941. Then pay the same amount before the end of each month for the balance of 1941. Before the end of January, 1942, you will have estimated the tax on your 1941 income at the 1941 rate, from which you will deduct the four payments you will have already made. The remainder of your tax may then be paid in eight equal monthly payments starting January.

Realizing the many demands on the people of Canada as a result of the war, the Government presents the above plan as the most reasonable and convenient method of meeting your income tax obligations. Ask your local Income Tax Office for Installment Income Tax Remittance Form.

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